

VOICE

December 1995 Volume 3 Number 3

Wu-Tang Clan

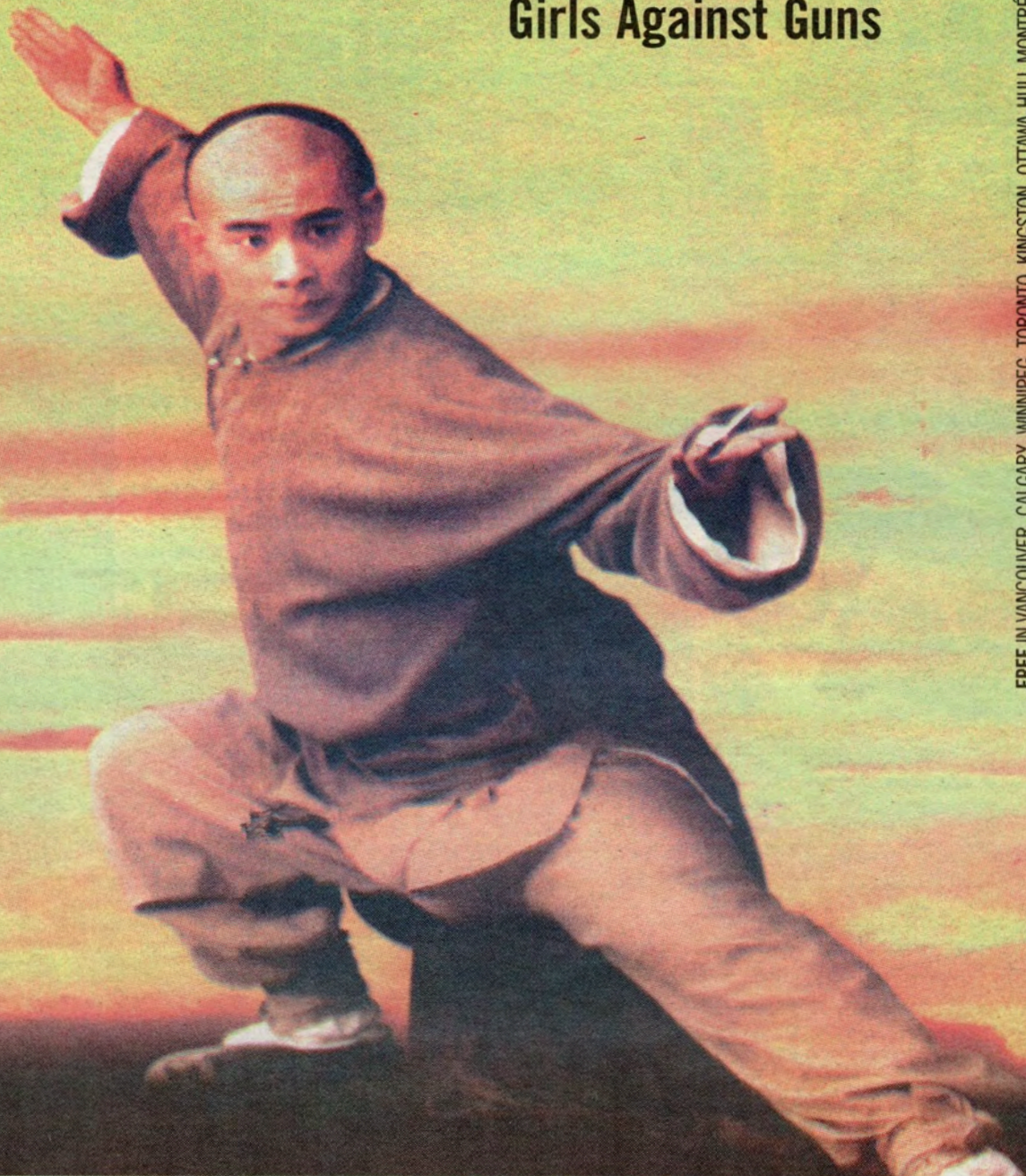
Rocket from the Crypt

Joyriding

Snowboarding

Girls Against Guns

FREE IN VANCOUVER CALGARY WINNIPEG TORONTO KINGSTON OTTAWA-HULL MONTRÉAL HALIFAX CHARLOTTETOWN ETC.



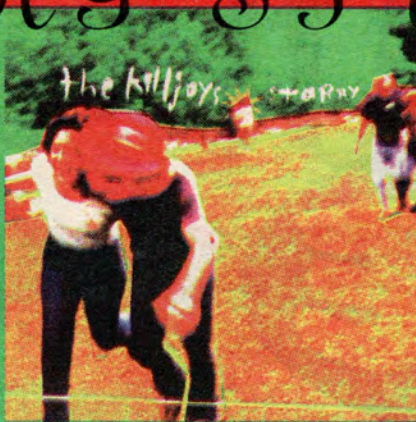
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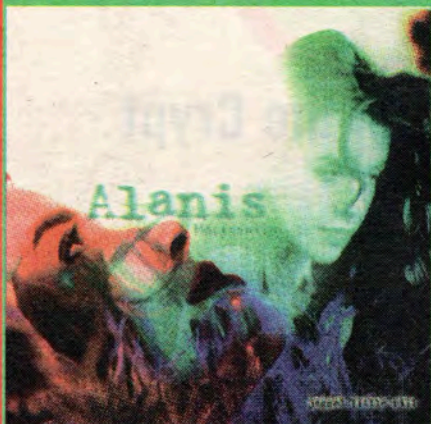
GOO GOO DOLLS
A Boy Named Goo



THE KILLJOYS
Starry



BETTER THAN EZRA
Deluxe



ALANIS MORISSETTE
Jagged Little Pill



RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
One Hot Minute



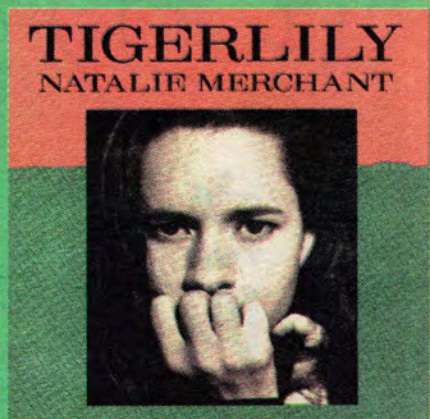
GREEN DAY
Insomniac



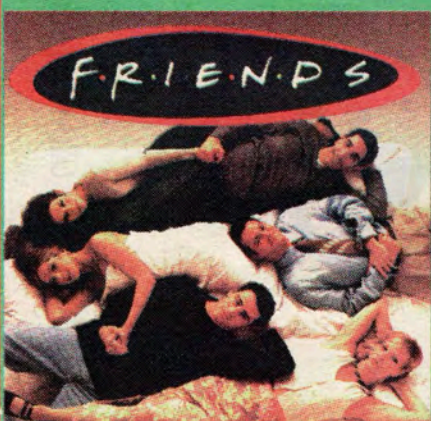
HOOTIE & THE BLOWFISH
Cracked Rear View



DEEP BLUE SOMETHING
Home



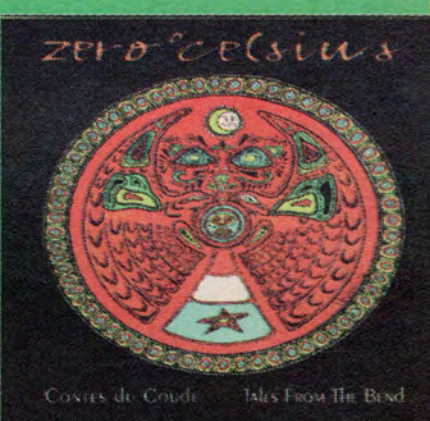
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FACE TO FACE
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TOADIES
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THE MURMURS
WAX

THE TRA LA LA SONG
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SUGAR SUGAR
SCOOBY-DOO, WHERE ARE YOU?
JOSIE AND THE PUSSYCATS
THE BUGALOOS
UNDERDOG
GIGANTOR
SPIDER-MAN
JONNY QUEST/STOP THAT PIGEON
OPEN UP YOUR HEART AND LET THE SUN SHINE IN
EEP OP ORK AH-AH (MEANS I LOVE YOU)
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Hardfloor plastered America with their own brand of funky acid. Their prolific nature caused them to put out this timely album, and adds proof to Hardfloors position as the masters of the modulating funk!

Dumb Funk Resistance is a fine display of SOAP, an exciting new project from Paul Doherty, who is capable of combining amazingly powerful trance elements with house grooves, breakbeats, and trip hop headiness.



SOAP Dumb Funk Resistance

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DARKHARTS VOL.2 A Harthouse Compilation

Volume 2 has many exciting surprises, including tracks from CJ Bolland, Luke Slater, Braincell, Hardfloor, Alter Ego, Frank De Wulf, and others, all previously unreleased.

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Voice Girl Domini is a flaky neo-hippie who does yoga while listening to soft music with candles and incense, but admits she could just as easily do it with a light on listening to the CBC.



Voice Boy Steve recently left Montreal to go pick cherries in the Okanagan valley. Last time he went he biked across Canada but only made it as far as Cornwall cus he fell into a ditch.

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Rod Freshveal on the Take in Winterland

text by Rod Freshveal

There is nothing sweeter than receiving things for free. From shampoo to tupperware to condoms or that crappy cologne sample in Details magazine, bring it on I say. The only thing better than free stuff is expensive free stuff. If you get free things you are much less inclined to do bad things, like swear or have a job, and much more inclined to do good things, like get loaded, start a band or get arrested.

The best way to get things you need, aside from the second oldest vocation (theft) is the oldest; sponsorship. However, just like the "Cash, Grass, or Ass, nobody rides for free" bumper sticker says, if you want your stuff, you have to trade a little of your independence for a piece of that company pie (assuming, of course, they want you as filling).

Skate and snowboard magazines are full of them; manufacturers spending loads of coin, sending 20-year-old punks halfway around the world to get drunk and go on a snowboarding photo shoot in Kamchatka, just to trigger a commercial Pavlovian response in the 13-year-old from North Bay who decides the board he needs is the same one as in the photos. So Mom buys it, just so he'll stop nagging and let her watch the soaps in peace and quiet. Unless, of course, she's sniffed too much glue, in which case she'll beat the shit out of him, lock him in the closet and go out on an eight day bender, come home, find him dead....sorry did I say North Bay? I meant New Brunswick.

Where do you start? How do you climb aboard that crazy train sponsorship and free trips, especially if you're too lazy (or too old) to become a snowboarding God? Well, as I found out there are a couple of things which you'll need. Nerves of steel, good story-telling ability (ie: being able to lie through your teeth), and an above average phone voice. Although I have none of these, I am in dire need of a particular snow board, I do have a phone, and way too much spare time....

"Hi, welcome to the Burton Snowboards touchtone information system." Evil does

stalk this planet; touchtone information systems suck.

"If you're calling about a warranty press one. If you're calling about distributor information, press two. For information on Burton special events, press three. If you play in a band and are trying to get a free board, press four." Hey wait a second....

"Burton appreciates your band's interest, but because we can't give just anybody promotional material, please answer the following questions: How many records have you sold? Over 50 000, press one. Over 150 000, press two. Over a million, press three. If you come from Canada and are not on Madonna's record label, press four." For the first time in my rock career I decide to be honest, I press three.

"If you play heavy metal, press one. If you play punk rock, press two. If you play new country press



the little thing that looks like an asshole. If you play alternative rock, please hang up and start again." I used to like the Jam, I go for two.

"If you are new school punk, press one. Old school punk, press two. If Crass is the only band that matters, press three. For more information, or if you would like to speak to a bored 18-year-old, please press four, or hold the line." Bored 18-year-olds, hot damn, Jackpot! They're not going to give a shit about anything. This is going to be easier than cheating on welfare!

"Hello, Nancy speaking."

"Oh, hi Nancy, my name is Rod and I play in Furnaceface, a band from Canada, and I rode

some of your '96 boards in Mont St-Anne during the World Cup..." (Actually it was after a rave, I could hardly see straight, much less go down a hill.)

"Were you competing?", she dryly cuts me off.

"Every show is like the fuckin' olympics for us baby, 110 per cent: take no prisoners," I bark, (take that you saucy strumpet).

"Nancy sweetheart, what I'm phoning about is that new Jim Rippey board, its really sweet, you guys did a great job on it, and I was wondering if you could send one up?" Smooth....

"Look Rod, why don't you phone up our rep in Montreal and talk to him about this? Seeing as how you're from Canada and all, his number is..." Ouch.

"Look lady, I already did and he said to call you."

"He did?" (Well that's what I think he might have said, if I had talked to him.)

"He said a bunch of stuff in French and I thought it meant to call the main office, like he couldn't make that decision on his own, you know?" That's right blame it on the language, the Americans hate the French almost as much as the Reform Party do. Besides she's so young...

"What exactly did he say?"

"Um, it was in French and I didn't catch it all but it was something like 'blah blah none...' you know?" I never learnt a thing from my 10 years in French immersion really.

"None? Are you sure it wasn't 'non'?"

Oh fuck, young and educated.

"Ahhh, well it might have been, I'm not too sure."

"Non means no Rod."

"Oh." Thanks Nancy, you little trumped up...

"Look I don't think I can help you, why don't you try our Montreal office again?"

"Hey you don't sound like you're 18..."

"Nope, 32, sorry Rod gotta go, bye bye."

Damn.

Rod Freshveal is still looking for a board and will not stop until his profound hipness is recognized.

If you wish to exploit his persona you can contact him c/o Voice Magazine.



...Unlimited Possibilities

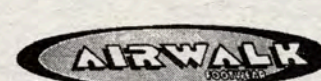


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Joyriding

Voice Magazine's Helen Goldstein interviewed 16-year-old Aemon Riley (recently moved to Manhattan from Belfast by his mother after some altercations à la Fresh Prince of Bel Air) and 13-year-old Jersey City resident Peter Armstrong at a restaurant near her Brooklyn apartment.

What exactly is a joyride?

Aemon Riley (AR): Right, well a joyride is like when you boost a car. You take it and you get with your mates, and you go around town and smash into crap and you stir some shit up. The more cops

kneecaps sometimes they'll shoot 'em out.

Were you kneecapped?

AR: I was kneecapped once by the IRA. They jumped on my left knee with big boots until it shattered. I was caught when I was 12-years-old.

(turning to Peter)

Can you tell me about joyriding?

Peter Armstrong (PA): Yo yo, me and my boys we call it doggin'

interviews by Helen Goldstein

the ignition and go for ride. No problem. You take the car and you just gun it and go for shit. I remember this cop was interrogating us trying to find out why but why not right?

The beauty of it is the cops can't fuck with us. My boy Chinks was doing this for six years and he never got caught cuz all you do if they come close to you is just smash into them. Slam on your breaks BANG! and their airbags go off and they can't move and shit, it's like something out of Police Academy Three right? Cuz these guys got these giant airbags and, you know, you can make them crash anyway you want the bags are gonna go off and they're flailing around. It's right out of the Keystone Cops and shit. And then we're just out of there and me and my boy are laughing (laughs).

No, but uh, we been doing Ford's cuz all we got is Ford ignitions now but I'm gonna be getting BMW's. We're gonna be moving up to BMW's and other stuff.

How did you get into doggin'?

PA: Shit, I can't even remember, I guess I started when I was about eight-years-old, cuz there's not much to do out in Newark where I grew up. If you're not dogging then you're just hanging out at your girlfriend's house watching movies or you're a faggot. If you're not doggin' you're nobody.

What's the craziest thing you've ever seen joyriding?

AR: Well the craziest thing I've

ever seen wasn't joyriding but it was about joyriding. My friend Pierce Pdraig, he was caught joyriding by the RUC and they put him in detention for eight months without trial. And when he came out he was 15-years-old and he figured that the RUC had placed a bug in his brains so they could listen to the conversations of the IRA cuz his father was a well-known provo and so he went a bit mad and he would go around screaming all the time, cuz he figured that would jam the signals and they wouldn't be able to hear the conversations and he wouldn't give any secrets away. Until finally just after his 15th birthday he strapped himself with some explosives, some plastique that he'd stolen from the old man, walked into a British checkpoint, blew four soldiers away and himself as well.

What's the worst thing you've seen happen?

PA: Um, my boy Stinkbomb's brother was doing it when he was 18 and he was just fucking stupid. He smashed into them and the bags didn't work so he started buggin' and trying to kill them. Even after they got out. He was just showing off. It's not cool when you're 18 cuz that's a criminal offense and they shot him right in his face. It happened really fast and I think I saw his eyeball come off. I remember feeling sick for a long time after that. You don't realize it but it's very serious when people get killed, it's heavy. Stinkbomb was crying and everyone was freaking out. I'm not really going to do it anymore especially when I'm 18.

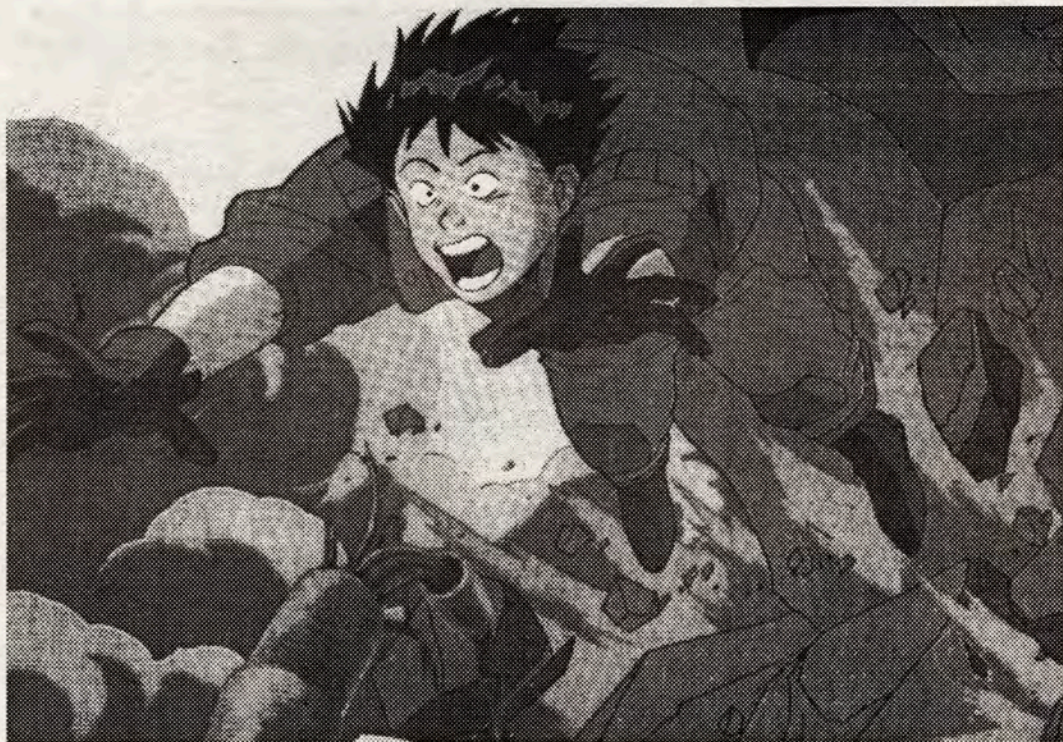
What are you gonna do when you turn 18?

PA: Well I'm gonna turn 14 this February but I'm moving to New York City soon. I'm probaby gonna work for a bunch of record labels, I have all kinds of connections there.

What will you do in the future?

AR: Well, uh, I plan to work a bit, I'd like to get some cash together and go to school. I'd like to do photography, because I really like pictures and such.

Voice Magazine's Helen Goldstein is a New York City writer and punk rocker who spends her time investigating car culture.



that follow you the better it is.

Why would you do such a thing?

AR: Well when you're growing up in Falls Road (Belfast), that's what it's about, it's the fun of it. You're never going to own a car. So you steal a Jag, it's a bit of crack ya know what I mean. You go up there and you smash into things and the big chase is cops and robbers.

What happens if you get caught?

AR: If you get caught it depends by who now. If you get caught by the army or by the RUC (Royal Ulster Constabulary) then you get put in jail. If you get caught by the IRA (Irish Republican Army) they kneecap ya and if you get caught by the UVF (Ulster Volunteer Force) they kneecap ya.

What's kneecapping?

AR: They'll sit you down on the curb and jump on your knees 'til they shatter, sometimes they'll hit you with a Black and Decker and they'll drill out one of your kneecaps. If they do two of your

right? Me and my man Scrubbie are doggin'. I got this pillowcase from my brother, with four ignitions in it. This pillowcase, it's just like a family heirloom, it's been going around for a while. When we see a car we like (it's got to be a Ford) we just smash out



After two-thirds of us spent most of the day with silver rockets and magic jay-bones, we received a mysterious phone call from the "man in the moon," Speedo, responsible for murder by voice and guitar in Rocket From the Crypt. He was calling from a parking lot in Chikawah, Menuda, somewhere between Texas and New Mexico, where the weather was "rainy, cold and windy and shit."

In case you are still a Rocket virgin, they come from San Diego, have an army of tattooed freaks that dig their wily jizzumflop, and play rock n' roll music like a hick hermit skins hares and fucks his pet sheep.

As an extra special bonus for all of you manic hispanics, mental orientals, and acidic hasidics, they have a horn/porn section featuring crazy-legged Apollo 9 on saxophone, and slippery-when-wet JC 2000 on trumpet. Rounding up the rest of this moody cocktail ensemble is tiny Atom on drums, ND, king of fret, on guitar, and the eight-fingered wonder of the western world, Petey X, on bass guitar. They are currently touring North America in support of their barrage of new releases on many of the world's cool record labels. In the past couple of months they've released one 5", two special one-sided 7"s for people on their mailing list only, a 10", a vinyl-only 12" called Hot Charity, and their major label debut on Interscope records, *Scream, Dracula, Scream*.

But what does the future hold for el Rocketo? "More recording and more touring, and hopefully we'll release a new album next year, similar to Hot Charity, vinyl-only LP with eight to 10 songs on it." Seeing as they are somewhere in the general vicinity of the alien capital of the world, Texas...

Texas, alright, have you ever seen any UFO's?

Speedo: Yes, we have.

Did you hop aboard?

Speedo: No, we freaked out and totally ran.

Fuckin' dope, man!

Speedo: Cool, scary.

Would you ever consider doing a show in outer space, like John Denver?

Speedo: And play to basically no one?

Well, you could bring up a bunch of kids.

Speedo: Well, if the money's good.

How about Drive Like Jehu, and The Back Off Cupids, (bands that Speedo, aka, John Reis is also in) what are they up to these days?

Speedo: With Drive, it's been a while since we've played, and it's gonna be a while before we play again. We'll get it going. And The Back Off Cupids, I don't know, probably mix it in February or something like that. It's been recorded over a year and a half.

Who's gonna be releasing that?

Speedo: It'll be Drunken Fish (in Los Angeles).

Speedo Kills

interview by Slim, Go-go, and Skid

An interview
with
Rocket
From
the Crypt



So what drugs inspire you the most?

Speedo: What drugs inspire me the most? We are a straight edge band. We do not do drugs. Just say no to drugs.

Ok, does the word Bob Dobbs mean anything to you.

Speedo: No. Is he in a band?

No, he's just this weird dude.

Have you met any gypsies in Mexico?

Speedo: No, they don't come from Mexico. (Gypsies are one of a dark caucasoid race coming from India, living chiefly in Europe and the U.S.)

Have you met any weird, crazy people?

Speedo: Where, anywhere?

No, in Mexico.

Speedo: In Mexico? (laughs) Uh, no, I've met a lot of really nice people in Mexico. Cool people. No gypsies or weirdos.

Do the guys with the hot rods get all the chicks?

Speedo: Not anymore, baby.

Do you guys have any hot rods?

Speedo: No. Cars are evil, they pollute the environment.

What music are you listening to now?

Speedo: The Standells, the Misfits, Silver Apples, Swinging Neckbreakers, Pussy Galore, The Drags, Jackson 5, Didjits, Beach Boys, Four Tops, Beatles, the Seeds...

Shit you guys ride in style!

Speedo: Aren't we rad?

Well, one last question then. Do you guys fear death?

Speedo: Do we? (long pause) Of course not!

That's the way to be, punk rock.

Speedo: Punk rock n' roll.

Rocket From My Crypt hope to come to Montreal through Canada in early '96.

Chicken dope interview and murder by Epsom LT-286 by Arish "Slim" Ahmad, Adam "Go-go" Gollner, and Dan "Skid" Marks. United they are the Maury Po'Bitch Three, they are dicks for hire, they want to know where all the hate has gone to, and they are pretty cosmic, dude, and oh soooo spacey.

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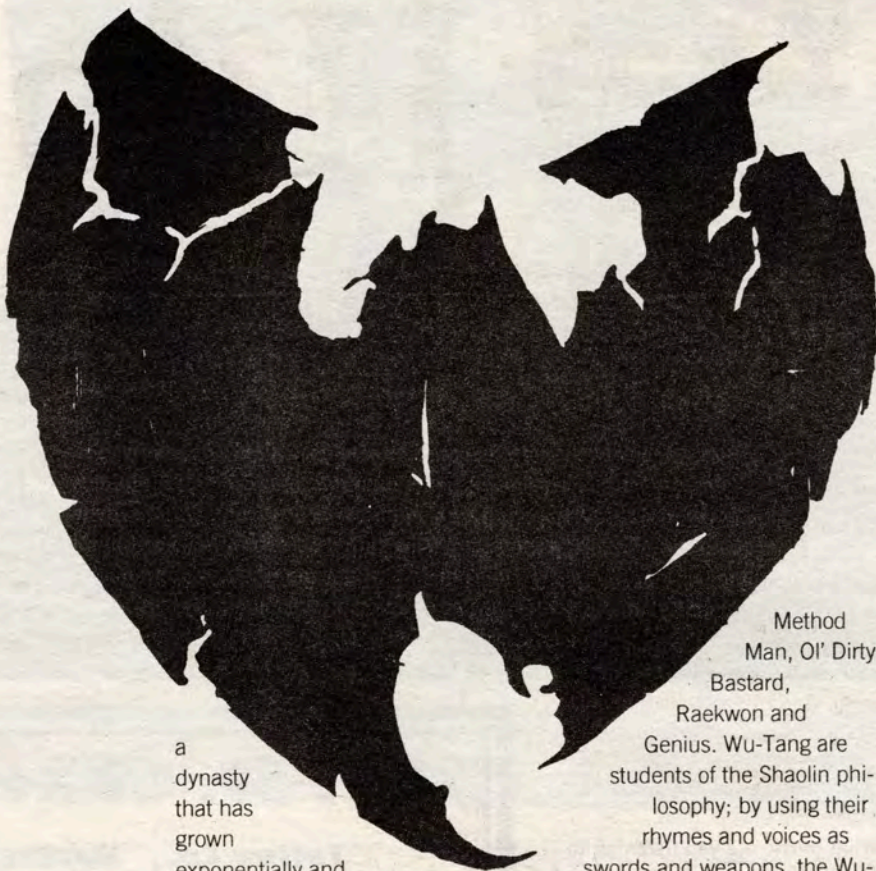
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U on the Wu for '96

interview by MossMan

The Wu-Tang Clan has taken over hip hop. Through street smart deal-making they've created

the Wu-Tang (36 Chambers) went Gold and they've since released a series of solo albums including



a dynasty that has grown exponentially and placed the forgotten borough of Staten Island (Shaolin) on the map. Their debut, Enter

Method Man, Ol' Dirty Bastard, Raekwon and Genius. Wu-Tang are students of the Shaolin philosophy; by using their rhymes and voices as

swords and weapons, the Wu-Tang Clan have assaulted the record industry and the wack rappers with hardcore hip hop Buddha fists. The following is an interview with U-God (aka Lucky Hands), and this is what he had to say about the Wu in '96.

Voice: Where did you come up, you come up at Shaolin, is that where you're from, Staten Island?

U: I was born in Brooklyn but I was raised out in Shaolin.

How did you hook up with the whole crew, how did you hook up with Wu?

U: We was all raised together man, we was all little kids, we was all little snot-nose kids running around together in the same projects from back in the day.

When did the Wu-Tang Clan really start?

U: 1983...84.

How deep is Wu now?

U: Wu is deep, Wu is deep now. We've got nine original artists, we got one additional Cappucino, and we got all of the groups and the list is goin' on. The thing is we got all types of things.

So there's like hundreds and hundreds of heads now?

U: Yeah. These motherfuckers man, we got a little firm goin' on with Nas and Mobb Deep and them. Those are our peoples man, you know what I'm saying?

You're just representing for them as well?

U: Yeah, we all representin' together, it's like a Queensbridge and Shaolin thing.

When's your shit coming out?

When's U-God's piece coming out?

U: It's coming out after the Wu album, after the next Wu album.

Is it going to be Wu Gambinos, is that what it's about?

U: I can't say...

Where did Lucky Hands come from, what's that all about?

U: Hands, I'm lucky, I'm a lucky brother, man. I'm a real lucky brother.

Is there a date for the next Wu album?

U: Supposed to be in April... and... June, summertime it's supposed to drop.

I was reading in Vibe a while back and Ol' Dirty Bastard was talking about John Woo doing some film, what's up with the Wu-Tang movie?

U: Oh well, John Woo, man, he's one of our favorites. You know, I feel that he is one of the most inna... oh man I can't even explain. If any kind of person was to do a movie with us it would have to be him.

Can you speak at all on what went down with the Show tour in Florida, with Method Man and all that?

U: Show tour in Florida, the promoters didn't want to give up no loot. We was all down there and they didn't want to give us the other half of the money. So we stood there and waited and waited and they still didn't want to give us no money, so things got out of hand. That's basically it.

But Meth is back in New York, or is he touring?

U: Yeah, Meth is still touring.

Who's doing all the beats on your album, RZA's runnin' all the beats?

U: Yeah.

What about RZA, is RZA gonna come out with some stuff himself?

U: Right after me.

What about Cappucino?

U: Cap'll probably drop a single in January.

A lot of niggas up here, they're starting to get on some conscious shit, you know. And it's getting deeper than just making rhymes, it's about unifying everyone and getting people to stand up for themselves...

U: (cuts in) Where do you live at?

In Montreal

U: Where's that?

This is Montreal.

Canada?

Yeah.

U: Oh man...



Mess n' friends bring ya...



with...
Francisco (trip hop, ambient jungle)
MossMan (dub, funk, hip-hop)

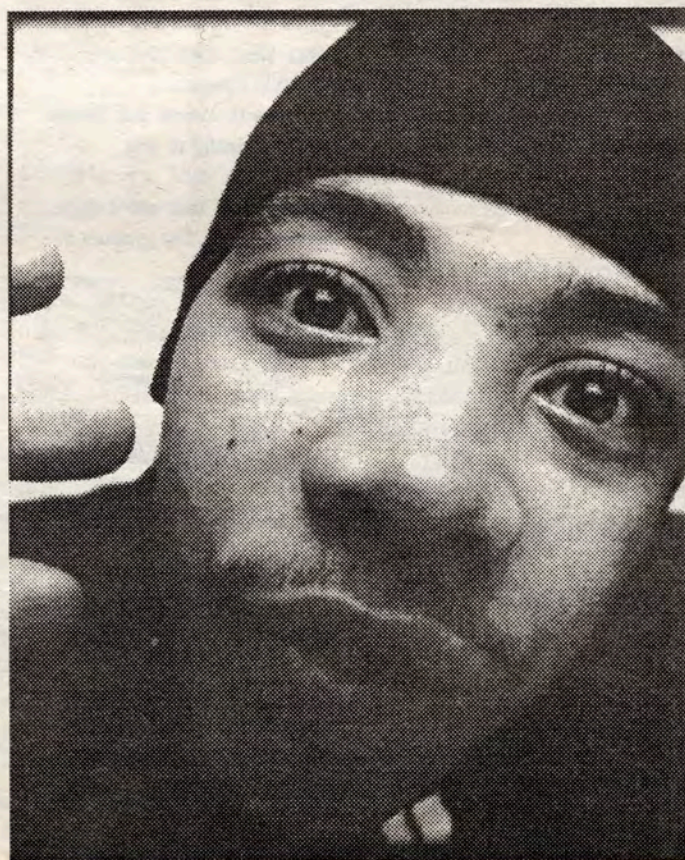
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1995 was a busy year for Hip Hop; full of new artists, the return of veterans and remixes to send the 'Hip Hop Nation' into a frenzy.

Showbiz and A.G. showed they still have The flavors as they took you to the Next Level, 2 Pac remembered Mama, Slick Rick gave it to ya Behind Bars, while Smif and Wesson were having Helluninations.

Things were getting hot so Raekwon started serving Ice Cream, Milkbone kept It Real when Shabazz and The Disciple were in a Crime Saga.

Grand Puba said he liked it, Sam Sneed had to Recognize, so the Luniz put Five on It. By this time Ol Dirty Bastard was giving it to ya RAW, as Mobb Deep had the Temperature Rising.

Total asked Can't you See?, Das EFX had The Real Hip Hop, while Big L. was putting it on. The Lost Boyz were living the Lifestyles of the Rich and Shameless, Group Home were Supastars, Keith Murray was kickin This, That Shit with Erick Sermon, Redman and Hurricane Gee, so they had to Tell Em. Some were Naughty by Nature, others were The Craziest. The Queen Latifah was chillin' in Jersey when Jeru made his Invasion.

That's just a few of the hits that Blew up the Spot. As we roll into 1996 here are some new releases that might interest you.

Funkmaster Flex (**)**
The Mix Tape Vol. 1
Loud/RCA/BMG

New York's hottest DJ mixing it down with top notch performers like The Fugees, Erick Sermon, Busta Rhymes, Redman, Method Man, and many more. Everyday and Everynight by Yvette and Loud Hangover by Akinyele and Sadat X are HOT!!! If you can hold onto it long enough to make it to the cash register...Buy it!!

Genius (***)**
Liquid Swords
Geffen/MCA

The Wu Tang saga continues... First the 36 chambers introduced the Clan to your area, then came the Method Man with



Tical. Ol' Dirty Bastard and Raekwon brought their lyrical wizardry to the table as well on their solo albums. Now emerges the Genius, aka the GZA (Jiz-ah), taking hardcore hip hop to another level. Armed to the teeth with lyrics and street knowledge he makes it clear the Fake, the Frontin, and Fraudulent have no place in Shaolin. The RZA's (Riz-ah) beats slice into you track after track as the Genius takes you through the streets in Cold World, Killa Hills and Living in the World Today. If you are true to Hip Hop pick this one up. Sure shot hits are Shadowboxin featuring Method Man, Investigative Reports, Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth (BIBLE) and Liquid Swords. Since hardcore rap seem to take the hot seat for its negative messages I think it's only fair to point out some positive that is sent through this album.

- A) Focus (Have a plan. Things don't just happen, you have to make it happen!)
- B) Be Real (Be proud of who you are and where you come from.)
- C) Educate Yourself! (Knowledge in "Real Power")
- D) Protect Ya Neck (Cause it's the people who front that pull the stunts.)

E) C.R.E.A.M. (Cash Rules Everything Around Me)

Da Youngstas (***)**
Illy Funkstaz
Pop Art

If you liked their last album, No Mercy, you won't be disappointed. The Youngstas are getting older and the beats are getting phatter. The three man group, consisting of Taji (Taj-Mahal), Tarik, and Qur'An, got their groove on. Jams such as Everyman 4 Theyself, A Million or More, U are Everything, and Gotta get the Cheese will surely smoke up the rap charts. Smooth flowing lyrics and hype beats; to sum it up in two words: MADD PROPS.

Kool G Rap (*)**
4, 5, 6
Epic Street/Columbia

That ruff 'n' rugged G-shit with a twist. Kool G's back with the old school beats and that trunk thumpin' bass. Don't expect too much and you might like it.



Look out for It's a Shame, Blowin' up in the World and Fast Life. This one's for the hardcore heads.

As we close out the year the hits keep coming. Here are some other artists to look out for: Supernatural, Total, K. Def and Larry O., Silk, Mad Skilz, Master IC, Madd Drama, Ten Thieves, and Junior Mafia.

Check out the next issue of VOICE to get the 411 on all the new flava. PEACE!!!

Fight for your Hip Hop



A Decade of the Def Jam

text by Lorraine Menard

Def Jam Music Group Inc.
Ten Year Anniversary
Def Jam/Polygram

Before the Wu, before D.A.T. tapes, before big label money and even before the OG there was Def Jam. They were the first to accept street music as a viable art form and they brought the MC to life. Back in '84, when you had to wear your Adidas

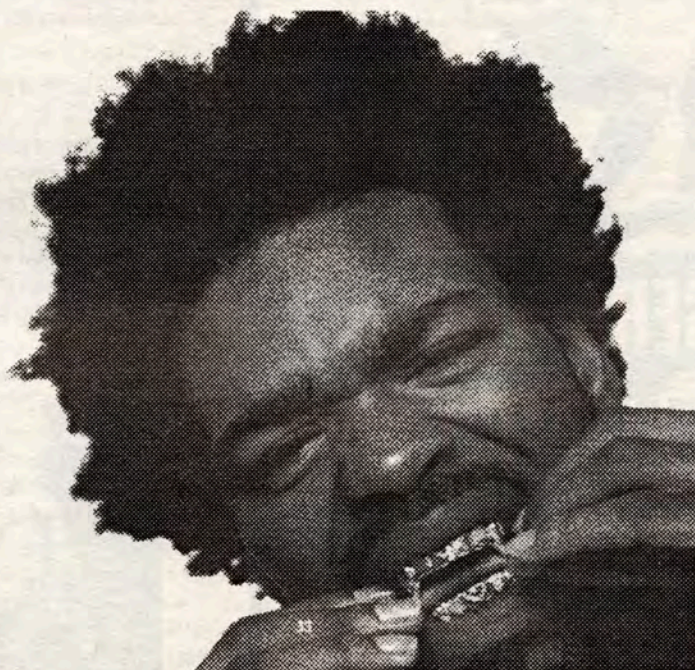
players and big 'ole butt hoes, the Beastie Boys for all the white-ass punks, and Public Enemy for all the black as black panthers. Peppering this dope concoction with mackedocious flavour like EPMD, Slick Rick, Warren G and Method Man made Def Jam the shit. An unstoppable force that had all the bases covered.

full 50 per cent of the show and if you couldn't move you were missing the full funk experience. Following the other CDs up to the Wu, through Bo\$\$ and cheesy criminals like Slick Rick, reminded me how on it Def Jam is. They were right there for everything that mattered including some really wack shit like Montell Jordan and Oran "Juice."

Three years into it Def Jam's reputation began to suffer some damage. This was probably the result of the divorce between Rubin and Simmons in 1988. Rubin went to L.A. and started the Def American label (The Black Crowes, Johnny Cash, The Jayhawks). Preceding Rubin's departure, the Beastie Boys left Def Jam and signed to Capitol. In 1989, Public Enemy's "Minister of Information" Professor Griff stirred up a lot of shit by propagating anti-Semitic sentiments. A year later Slick Rick went to jail for the attempted murder of a former Def Jam associate.

These events, coupled with questionable signings lost them serious props. But with the wildness of Redman, the Wu-Tang "roughness" of Method Man and the move from Columbia to Polygram, Def Jam managed to get respect back and make '94 their most profitable year since back in the day.

I can forgive them for their wackness because I remember how important they were in promoting what is now referred to as hip hop culture or the hip hop nation. They promoted creativity within the black community and black youth. Def Jam promoted hip hop as a way of life. I learned my lesson so drop your swords and pledge allegiance to the flag. Def Jam is all that.



suit tight to do your windmills right, Rick Rubin and Russel Simmons (Rush) put together a deadly formula that took rap music not only out of the ghetto and onto a stage, but brought it to the rest of the world. They made it real.

The trick to Def Jam was their deadly formula, which included: LL Cool J for all the

This entire movement is chronicled in the Def Jam 10th Anniversary, four CD/55 page booklet, box set which starts off with LL's Can't Live Without My Radio (1994) and ends with Method Man's Bring The Pain (1994). Listening to the old school beats on the first CD took me back to that low-fi rock steady sound where the DJ counted for a



MORE REASONS TO SHOP WITH US

moon socket

self titled CD

Chris from eric's trip flies solo on his four track machine... 20 songs.

sportsguitar

He's so funny 7"

Three new songs of fractured pop bliss from this swiss duo.

jad fair & phono comb

In a Haunted House 7"

Halloween may be over, but like any good haunt, you can't keep a good thing down.

grifters

Stream 7"

Two new songs from Memphis' favourite sons.

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live

Furnaceface

Jimmy George

Crash 13

December 8

Barrymores, Ottawa

Well all I know for sure is that I woke up after this show with a headache the size of a horse's cock. Coulda been the whiskey, mighta been the gin, but most probably it was the 15 pints of Upper Canada Dark which is wreaking havoc on my bowels at the moment.

A long, long time ago, Jimmy George were a poor excuse for a Pogues cover band, but last night, even in my exceedingly advanced state of fermented paralysis, I could appreciate them for what they really are. A bunch of rats' asses with a bleached-blonde banjo player in a silver top who looks like a poof. NO, just kidding. They are a deceptively tight knit, musical battalion with a bunch of crafty songs, who can out drink an army of thirsty whores. Furnaceface roared through a whole slew of new songs resplendent in some gold colored, flame laden suits which kinda reminded me of REM! NO NO, just kidding. I can't wait for their new record and that guitar player is deelish. No wonder the Ottawa Express can't get enough of him. Crash 13 however had the distinction of having the biggest cowboy hat in the universe, and they rocked just as large. Now if they could only fix up the sound in this joint, I wouldn't have to get so drunk. -Nancyboy



DMC dj competition

November 16

The Dome

The Québec finals of the DMC dj competition was a cool event bringing an air of excitement and tension to Montreal. A competition to determine who is Montreal's master on the wheels of steel, the dj's were representing hip hop, techno, and bhangra. It took a while to get rolling, but once it commenced the whole event went smoothly. This competition revealed who is competent, smooth,



photo: Steve Legari

and can do it under pressure, not just in mom's basement. The dj's needed more practice which became evident when they were on stage. They weren't used to being in front of a crowd, resulting in stagefright and choking. The guys that had more experience in front of crowds were the ones that shined. Kid Koala (pictured) of Public Enemy finished first with a tight set a level above the rest. DJ Groove and Devious off the dj circuit were of the more proficient dj's, finishing second and third respectively. Good luck Koala, take it to the next level. -Voice Staff

Ripcordz Rancid November 24 Porter Hall, Ottawa

One of the great downfalls of my never ending vigilance to support local bands is my inability to make it to the venue on time. To put it another way, my, er, appreciation for consuming alcohol prior to the show is not very conducive to punctuality. On this occasion I arrived just as the Ripcordz were starting. The bouncer, however, was not sympathetic towards my plight as an alcoholic when he discovered the two beers I had hidden in my jacket. Damn all ages shows! In my day...Ah forget it. Anyway what else do you need to know about the Ripcordz; they're punk, they're fun, and main Rigguy, Paul Gott, bless D.I.Y.'s little heart, is just an all around swell guy. After being carded at the campus bar, (my boyish good looks and all) I finally entered the hall to behold Berkeley, CA's purveyors of retro punk and funny hair cuts. Four words pretty much sum it up: a fucking good time. The punk police will Sid sneer, but this music is supposed to be about having fun too. I was having so much fun I pissed on a pillar just so I wouldn't miss anything. How's that for punk? -Cainner

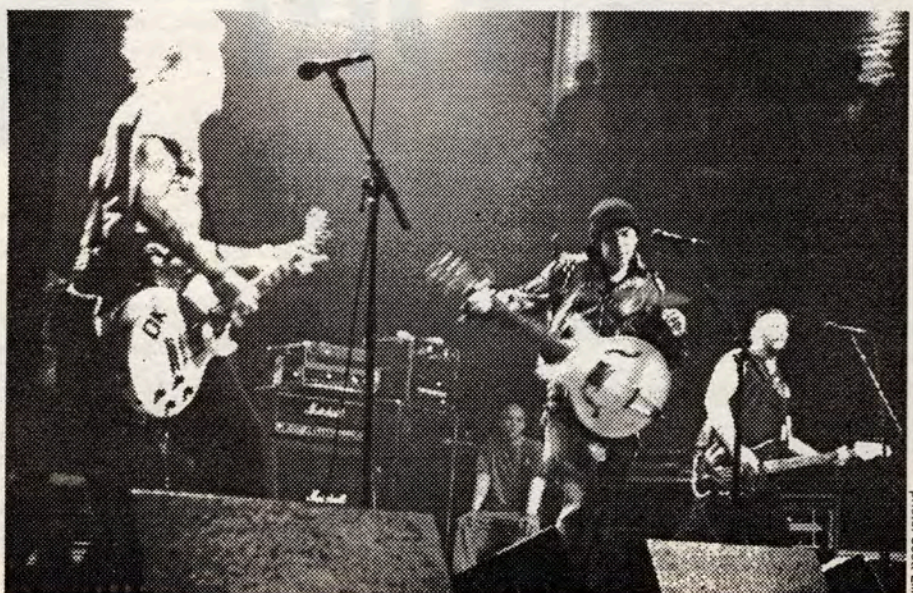


photo: Scott Ellis

reviews

Indiscreet Stereo Test Record

Various Artists

Discreet/Indiscreet
The latest offering from



Montreal's Discreet/Indiscreet music, delivers a melange of minimalistic ambient noise and experimental pieces. The compilation's standouts include Zeni Geva's K.K. Null, Old James Plotkin's Paused State, and Justin Broadrick's (who took more time away from Godflesh) Alien Soundtracks. Scanner's Cubic Feet has a really eerie backdrop with twisted telephone conversations overtop. M. Harris (ex-Napalm Death/Scorn) is documented in his side project Lull and ex-Scorn member N. Bullen offers an excerpt from the soundtrack to the film Invisible People. Finally Japanese noise masters Merzbow do not disappoint with Elephant's Memory. This compilation serves as an excellent sampler of extreme noise. —Gary Worsley

Sheavy

Self-titled

Mag Wheel/Cargo

Mag Wheel Records is the pride and joy of independent music magnate Woody Whelan; a man dedicated to the cause of exposing the indie music scene's somewhat elitist ears to new and exciting Canadian talent. Sheavy (Pronounced "Chevy") are a Newfoundland-based, bottom heavy, foursome. Way cool toe-tapping St. Vitus/Trouble heaviosity, with one of the most uncanny Ozzy soundalikes I've ever heard. Smoke up and get down. —Coinner

Faucet

Self-Titled

Southern

Southern Records is emerging as the new chariot of the "off-kilter" indie sound, churning out discordant records from bands all over North America (the Raymond Brake, Buzz Hungry, Karate). The Austin, Texas quartet, Faucet, are no exception to this genre. Bordering on feedback-percussion aesthetics, with a concentration on mid-range dynamic overload, Faucet produce tightly knit songs that converge on competing high and low tonal arrangements. With added vocals reminiscent of the post-Louisville noise enthusiasts, Crain, the album plunges head first into the depths of distorted malevolence and excited recalcitrance. Making its acclaimed

indie-credibility even more noticeable, Southern has released yet another gem. —Jonah Brucker-Cohen

Spokey Ruben

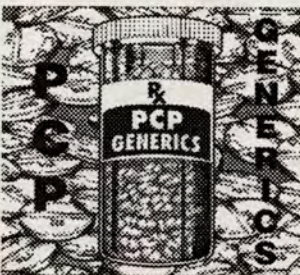
Modes of Transportation Vol. 1
TVT/MCA

Complete with space-age packaging and a handy pictorial guidebook, this Toronto resident's home-brewed debut brings his special blend of tongue-in-cheek psychotic psychedelia to the masses. Rife with miserable drum machines, children's toys, falsetto chants and glowing pseudo-orchestral arrangements, Ruben is a fist-sized sourball in the land of candy pop. This disc somehow manages to digest the last 30 years of pop culture and regurgitate it in a sticky mess that will no doubt send many scurrying for cover. But after repeated listenings, Ruben can have even the most jaded listener smirking and humming along to his personal, introspective tales. The strongest material is piled into the first half dozen tracks, and some of the songs tend to snag melodies from each other, but all in all Ruben's fresh, intriguing guitar, bold vocals and inventive sequences are capable of taking the listener on a voyage to a very strange and spooky place. —Harris Newman

PCP Generics

PCP

A sampler is probably the most reliable catalogue for the record consumer. With a one chance tune tester from each band, it's in the label's best interest to make that offering one of optimum quality. PCP do their best to strut their stuff on this twelve song compilation, but if a new slew of typically PCP honkabilly was what you had in mind, you will be disappoint-



ed. The Speedball Baby and Chrome Cranks tracks are both pulled from LPs and Spoiler and Fuse only tease us with grease-monkeys titles. The real keepers here are two less accessible tracks from PCP epitomizers '68 Comeback and Railroad Jerk. But you can throw away the rest of 'em. They don't necessarily suck. They're just the wrong kind of trash. —Ilana Kronick

Pain Teens

Beast of Dreams

Trance Syndicate

This Houston-based band has always delved into audio sculpture, whether it's by way of sampling, effects pedals, or skewered lyrical takes on the madness of the world around them. On this latest, fifth album, Pain Teens' eerie soundscapes have become much more liberated due to the band's redux back to the primary working twosome of guitarist/sitar player/drummer/bassist/loopist Scott Ayers and vocalist Bliss Blood. Tracks like Swimming and Swamp sweep into a layered, liquidy rapture through eastern-laced rhythms, while the outstanding Voluptus and Frigid Idol, revel in their own slow, texturally explosive majesty. —Twister

Bikini Kill

I Like Fucking 7"

Kill Rock Stars

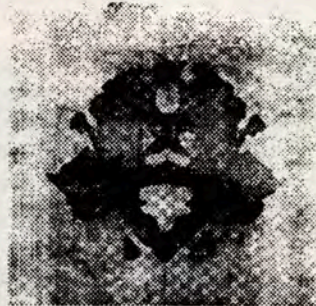
You don't have to be a riot girl to like fucking. But you do to write a song about it. Hey, I like fucking too. Which is why I Like Fucking, in all it's tuff chick glory, speaks to me, as it should to you, as instinctually as the brute sentiment it conveys. Unoffensive, unabashed and catchier than the clap, it's because of silly-sweet carnal raunch like this that the Courtney-suckerpunched Kathleen Hanna and Bikini Kill are now regular household names. Blame it on the rampant feminism on Rosanne for band name dropping the likes of BK, the Red Aunts, and the rest. —Ilana Kronick

Medusa Cyclone

Self-Titled

Third Gear Records/Cargo

Medusa Cyclone is the work of one Keir McDonald, who's occasionally aided by a revolving door of guest musicians, and



whose musical output seems to fall into what's being loosely termed these days as the 'post-rock' generation. Like many musical trends of late, moving forwards also means moving backwards. Bands like Labradford, Sablon Glitz, Jessamine, and others, wiggle between the early '70s kraut-rock of the likes of Can and more modern ambient overtones, finding a middleground of their own, most of the time.

In Medusa Cyclone's case, traces of middle eastern influences creep in once in a while, harkening more to the likes of trippy-era Led Zeppelin and The Black Sun Ensemble. Much of this record makes you feel like you're lost somewhere in deep cold space. It's hard for albums like these to avoid becoming background music and, at over 77 minutes on this record, you may find yourself subconsciously wandering off on more than one occasion. Only a few tracks include vocals, which are recorded at a level so low that they are part of the instrumentation, not something which propels the song along.

Probably the hardest thing to do when working in this musical framework and structure is to retain a sense of identity. With an epic length track like Assigned Frequency, it's really hard to distinguish Medusa Cyclone from the likes of Main or Labradford, and that could be the biggest problem these bands face in the long run. Still, Medusa Cyclone are a welcome addition to the new family of 'space-rock' currently occupying the record bins these days. (Third Gear P.O.Box 1886, Royal Oak, MI 48068) —Fred Quimby

Brujeria

Raza Odiada

Attic/Roadrunner

Their record company would have you believe that Brujeria are composed of Mexican drug bandits who record their albums out in the desert as fugitives

from 'La Policia.' In fact this death metal ensemble is comprised of several alterna-metal celebrities; members of Ministry and Faith No More, among others, crank this collection of so-so hardcore/death tunes. I believed the whole charade when their first album came out, and it made the mediocre quality of the material somewhat more legit. On this second outing, however, now that the dope's out of the bag, there just isn't a whole lot to hold your attention. For those who like their salsa mild. —Coinner

Antimony

Phantom Itch

Double Deuce/Caroline

In the aftermath of DC post-punk noise makers, Circus Lupus's 1993 break up, the remaining members, minus singer Chris Thompson (ex-Ignition), decided to call it a three piece. Antimony recalls most of CL's aggro-treble movement, with an added emphasis on sparse vocals that actually adhere to fanatically skewed song structures. Their debut album surges into ground breaking assaults on traditional arrangements, bordering on surreal repetition in the title track, "Phantom Itch". With a pulverizing bass attack by Seth Lorinzi, scathing guitar fits by Chris Hamley, and mesmerizing drumming by Arika Casebolt, Antimony continues to deconstruct the myth that all heavy DC bands embody the "Dischord" sound. —Jonah Brucker-Cohen

Beth Custer

The Shirt I Slept In

Independent

For this self-released CD, San Francisco composer and clarinetist Beth Custer has culled selections from the past five years of her wildly diverse, multi-faceted musical career. As an original member of Club Foot Orchestra, Trance Mission, and Clarinet Thing, Custer's solo works and collaborations with other like-minded musicians (members of the Residents, Tuxedo Moon, Mr. Bungle, Zorn's Masada and TJ Kirk, to name only a few) have given shape to this woman's driving force "...to just do music." Snaking through improvisational numbers that drop notes of jazz, blues, John Cageisms and eastern European music into this debut disc, Custer's compositions (mostly written for film, dance, and theatre productions) are atmospherically lucid and challenging without over-intellectualizing the present-day plane of experimentalism. Recommended. —Twister

New Bomb Turks

Pissing Out the Poison—Singles and Other Swill '90-'94
Crypt/Matador

The Turks put out one of the coolest records of the 1990's when they released Destroy! OH BOY!. They also released over a dozen 7"s, most of which are included on this high-tech-Ronnie, double-album, gatefold LP. Songs like "Last Lost Fight," "Pist," "Tail Crush," and "Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)" make this an essential release if you haven't already heard these classic frigg'n cuts. But on songs like "I'm Weak" and "Taller Order," when they pull out the top-notch metal licks, Eddie Van Halen orchestrated solos and Crue riff action, I feel obligated to just say no. Still, get this for the 26 songs about "the cause," but buy the LP, not the CD, unless you want more airbrush than a Penthouse beaver. —Goner

comics

Last Gasp Comix & Stories

Last Gasp

Reading Last Gasp editor Noah Mass' Comix & Stories anthologies is more disturbing than catching your parents doing it. Contributors include; Matso (A Disney Dangle on smack), Danny Helman (Frank Sinatra dying), Steven Ciero (a talented Mike Diana) and Chacal Puant/Les Monstrueuse publisher Stéphane Blanquet. Stéphane publishes a lot of these same artists with their masturbating junkies, torso-donating butchers and suffocating asthma boys because, as Crass used to say, "weirdos tend to congregate". The book is so weird in fact, that when I finally got the courage to read it on the bus some guy with snot in his beard came up and asked me where he could get a copy. —Gavin McInnes



Various Artists

SOURCE Lab

SOURCE

Tired of the same old chicken? Well put this bag over your head. SOURCE Lab is definitely this year's best compilation



album, if you can find it. Authentic underground music from France, SOURCE Lab pulls you in with funky tracks, trippin', ragga, jungle, and techno. The line-up includes the likes of La Funk Mob, the Mighty Bop, and the ever wicked DJ CAM. Also on the compilation are a slew of completely unknown acts, who've been given this chance to kick some corporate ass. Keep an eye out for this chunky slice of French avant-gardism. —DJ Francisco

Stratotanker

Baby, Test The Sky
Homestead

One part Stooges and two parts Can makes for a fine, fine recipe. Serve it up smart and swanky like New York's Stratotanker and you have one very savoury dish. When blended on high, Strat's swampy garage loungescapes brew a satisfying belch. Left à la carte, the rich flavours of 'fuck you' blues and crafty art instrumentals prove themselves perfectly complimentary. Garnished with blasts of short-wave screech and just a twist of wah overdrive, for a first full-length release, this is mighty tasty. My compliments to the chef. —Ilana Kronick

bhangra

Various Artists

Deep Into Jungle Territory
Multitone/BMG

Fusion is an overused term when it comes to describing the trends of the '90s, at least with respect to bhangra music. Deep Into Jungle Territory is another attempt in bridging the gap between two cultures, a true fusion experiment indeed, but with inconclusive results. Contrary to the title, the album fails to travel as deep into the jungle as it would like to, which only produces a disproportional sample, bhangra jungle fusion. Nonetheless, the album is a beginner's guide to some tasteful samples of bhangra jungle fusion. —Mandip Panesar

*You know I'm
down 4
whateva'!*



ROWDY.



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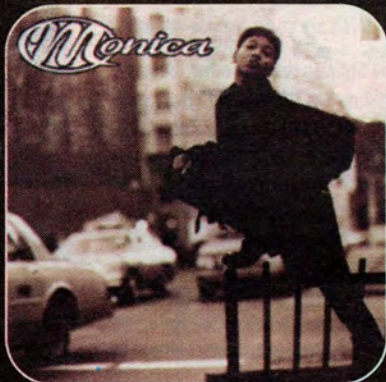
BOOT-KNOCKIN'



R. Kelly

"Like soul masters Marvin Gaye and Barry White, R. Kelly knows how to seduce with his voice."
New York Post

Special appearances by:
Notorious B.I.G. & Ronald & Ernie Isley



Faith

"Having provided her skills as songwriter and backup vocalist for Mary J. Blige, fellow ebony blond bombshell Faith Evans graduates to the fore on urban music mack Sean 'Puffy' Combs label. Comparisons to Queen Blige are inevitable, but Faith will ultimately emerge as the bigger vocal talent. In fact on a duet with Blige on the cover 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore', Faith - a.k.a. Mrs. Notorious B.I.G. - doesn't just hold her own, she soars."
Andrew Sun, Now Magazine



Monica

"Another wicked and phat album to hit the charts. R&B vocalist, Monica Arnold truly deserves the right to call herself 'miss thang'. As evidenced by her debut single 'Don't Take It Personal (Just One Of Dem Days)' this album is jam packed with hype beats, a mellow vibe and pure talent. Monica is 'all good' and definitely an 'A' on my list."
Peace Magazine

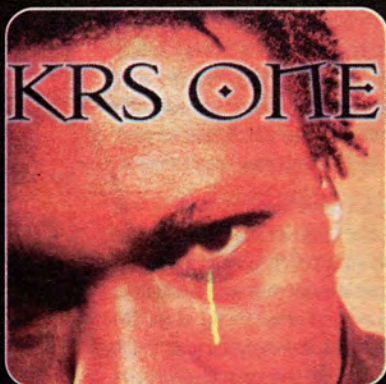
HEAD-NODDIN'



Jamal

This former member of Illegal is keeping it real on his first solo album. Featuring a long line of premier producers such as Eric Sermon, Easy Mo Bee, Mike (Scarface) Dean, PME, Redman and Rockwilder.

Check out "Fades Em All", first single.



KRS-ONE

"Another dosage of conscious lyrics. That's right!! 'Blastmaster KRS - ONE' the king of the Hop continues to make hit after hit. Science for all 'Wanna Be MC.s' Look out for 'Da Automatic' featuring Fat Joe and 'Build Ya Skills' with Busta Rhyme to name a few. Definitely another one for the rap library."
Ken Dawg, The Voice



Raekwon

"It's killing. Those crazy Wu-Tang muthafuckas are drawing on some crazy-assed Space Invaders arcade shit, but the music still stands up like a fucking Mac Truck. I respect this shit, 'cause it's real".

Goldie - UK cutting edge break-beat scientist/jungle artist.

Featuring: Criminology, Ice Cream
& Incarcerated Scarfaces.

East is Best

Cornershop
Woman's Gotta Have It
Luaka Bop/Warner

If all Cornershop ever offered to me was the towering folk-pop groove, 6am. Jullandar Shere, that opens this British/South Asian-rooted rock & roll special delivery, they'd forever own a piece of my musical soul.

I bet you think I'm going to praise the rest of this album right up to the sky. Well, I'm not. Actually, none of the other 10 tunes (nine plus a secret hidden last number called Number Leave Yourself Open) even approach the polyrhythmic sunrise glory of that tune.

That much said, allow me to rave a while about the electric thrill that is 6am

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Jullandar Shere, and its companion book-end 7:20am. Jullandar Shere. Very few rock & roll tunes have managed to move me while also managing to move a non-

English lyric along at anything resembling a healthy pace. Plastic Bertrand's entire first album comes to mind, but that was not only a joke, but a fluke, although Ça Plane Pour Moi rocked the house and even spawned straight imitators (see Elton Motello and Captain Sensible). There is some passable Francophone reggae, and die Fantastischen Fier twisted some German around enough to make some Euro-hip-hop hits. In the all-powerful Spanish corner there are many belters, and the flamenco and mariachi influences on rock & roll are given regular workouts.

So is Spanish the only other language that makes the rock roll? How about Punjabi? In Jullandar Shere, Cornershop leader Tjinder Singh covers a trapset-meets-taba groove with a sweetly melodic Punjabi lyric. It's closer to perfection than most songwriters get in their lives. Of course, I don't know what he's saying, but I sometimes have trouble with Kim Deal and Shane MacGowan too. Be honest, do the words really matter? Of course not.



Did you know Punjabi and English are members of the same language group? Yup, it's Indo-European, and it covers quite a lot of ground, and it might be the reason Singh can get away with using his parents' native tongue on a song that swings like Jullandar Shere. The rest of the band backs him up gracefully, working a tamboura and sitar in alongside guitar and bass with a facility that recalls Brian Jones and George Harrison without sounding much like the Stones or Beatles at all. The groove itself is huge, mating a simple drumset with a galloping tabla and raw bells and cymbals. It seems to leap out from all sides, solid enough for dancing, unpredictable enough to scare your cat. It feels so good, sometimes I can't stand it.

In between these two mind-melting beat festivals, Singh and company take the eternally off-guard listener on a bumper-car ride through their wild stockpile of risky musical ideas. On the whole, the near-misses that make up most of the rest of the record only serve to emphasize the delicate balance that Cornershop has achieved with Jullandar Shere. On some tunes, they hit the melodic goldmine but lose the beat; on others, vice-versa. Nothing is less than distracting, and it's usually much more. Singh's instincts are just that good. Cornershop can take a throwaway beat and boil it down to a bone-rattling infection, juggling hip hop, trance, punk, jazz and whatever else is available. I'm hooked. —Mark N. Lazar

Reggae Revolutions

reviews by Mossman

Sizzla

Burning Up
Ras/Denon

Big up all conscious warriors, Sizzla brings new vocal styles over some nice new riddims. Positive. No gun talk.



Conscious when mentioned. Positive. Hope to hear more soon. Positive.

Horace Andy

Life Is For Living
Ariwa/R.A.S./Denon

Another smooth disc from Andy. Nothing truly original but nothing weak either. Andy's voice and lyrics help you to chill out and go hmmm... at the same time. Know me say? Mad Professor runs the board just right, once again.

Bounty Killer

No Argument
Greensleeves/Denon

Versatility it's nice to see again. Bounty comes back with another solid record. Gun talk, girl talk, roots, it's all here. Some of it can be a bit ruff but whatever, if you can't take it press stop. Cool.

Israel Vibration

Dub the Rock
R.A.S./Denon

Nineties roots dub, clean and sweet. Vibrations got kicked out of a Jamaican parapalegic hospital for growing their dreads and have since then become firm



players in the underground roots music arena. Hope you got a good system cuz nuff of the bass lines come down real faaaaaaat.

Various Artists

Treasure Isle Time
Heartbeat

Old rock steady tracks. Classics. A must for those universal reggae fans out there. The most recognized artists are U-Roy, Alton Ellis, and The Techniques. With 21 tracks, most being nice, it's hard to go wrong.

reviews by Bayani C. Esquerre

The Heptones

Pressure
RAS/Denon

This is the reunited original members of The Heptones' first release after more than 20 years of separation. Leroy Sibbles remains in top form but Barry Lewellyn

and Earl Morgan seem to be out of the main mix, sounding tired. Pam Hall and Sharon Forrester provide additional backing vocals. Covers of Marley's Rastaman Live Up and Spear's Marcus Garvey Word Come to Pass do justice to the originals. Country Boy, which was on the The Heptones last album together is also updated on this reunion CD.

Michael Rose

Self-titled
Heartbeat

Michael Rose, while with the Black Uhuru crew of the late '70s and early '80s gave us songs like Shine Eye Gal, Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, and Youth of Eglinton. On this release he continues his far-eastern style of vocal delivery, too-too-twang. The riddims are dancehall and the lyrics are cultural. Sly and Robbie make an appearance on Badder Than You and the remix version of Sly Ruff Mix. Black Uhuru fans will not be disappointed, the album contains more than a few killer tracks.

Mad Professor

William the Conqueror, King O' Di Jungle Marzaruni! The Jungle Dub Experience
Ariwa/RAS/Denon

Reggae inna jungle style can only sound better with the help of a reggae producer. Enter the Mad Professor from his Ariwa studios in England. Eleven tracks of deep reggae bass lines at breadneck speeds.



The titles of each track are irrelevant as is the case with most dub albums. This is the Jungle Dub Experience.

Barrington Levy

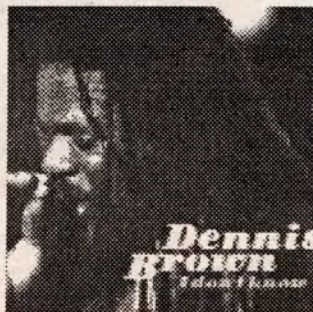
Duets
RAS/Denon

This is a compilation of popular DJs featuring Barrington Levy on lead vocals. The formula of singer and DJ, teams Barrington with Mega Banton on Here I come. Another classic Under Mi Sensi is with Beenie Man. Ten DJs on 11 of Barrington's hits, make this one of the more enjoyable dancehall CDs.

Dennis Brown

Grapevine/RAS/Denon

This is the style Dennis Brown is most comfortable singing. Riddims are programmed at a rock-steady pace and flow ever so smoothly. Onita Boone sings along on an updated version of Should I. Another stand out track is Fly Away Home inna Rasta chanting style. This CD is full of pure and safe dancehall riddims.



Revolutions per Minute

text by Fred Quimby

Air Miami *Fuck You Tiger* Ep 4AD/Teen Beat/Polygram

With their former outfit, Unrest, Mark Robinson and Bridgett Cross always hinted at graceful moments of new wave pop appreciation. With their new band, Air Miami, especially on this single, they're having a lot more fun, exhibiting a growing confidence in tackling the form. Robinson always insisted that early '80s Brit-pop had a lasting influence on him, but it probably wasn't a cool thing to like when growing up in Washington DC when straight-edge hardcore was becoming the city's punk rock signature.

The four songs on *Fuck You Tiger* include two remixed versions of songs that appeared on Air Miami's debut, *Me Me Me*, produced by Guy Fixsen (Moonshake, Laika). I Hate Milk is stripped of its original bass track, becoming synthesized, beatboxed, and sped up considerably, while Afternoon Train's vocals are removed and it's turned into an electronic percussion piece. While both songs are given an intentionally colder work-out, Air Miami finds a warmer place to land with the other two songs. See Through Plastic proves Robinson is quite the crooner when he wants to be, backed up by some delicate acoustic guitars and simple, yet effective, arrangements. Air Miami, and Unrest for that matter, have never shied away from experimenting with the pop format. They have a deep appreciation for it, and understand its history, which is probably why they do this so well. Seek this out.



Pizzicato Five *Unzipped* EP Matador

It's remarkable how much influence an established record label can exert. In Jazz, Blue Note led the way for many years. Soul had Motown and Stax. Rap had Def Jam. Indie-rock has also fallen into this spiral; SST and Sub Pop being prime examples. New York-based Matador has basked in this spotlight for almost three years now.

Pegged by many as the hippest label of the moment, with an impressive roster (Pavement, Guided By Voices, Liz Phair, etc.), a snarky attitude and proper lip service, it's managed to embed itself into the average indie-rock buyer psyche. If the Matador flag is on the back cover, probably seven or eight times out of 10 Joe Q. Indie will buy it. Luckily for Matador, 80 per cent of what it releases deserves attention, duds being far and few between.

Japan's Pizzicato Five is a prime example. Sure they have nothing in common with labelmates Chavez or Bailter Space, but hey, who wants to eat the same dinner every night. They're cute, dress sharply, and make very well produced, danceable records. This two song 7" features Happy Sad which can also be heard in the fashion flick *Unzipped*, and, like previous records, is a blend of '60s pop culture and music, laced in disco grooves, and 'Breakfast At Tiffanys' social behaviour, in which life can be one big cocktail party if you let it. It's very lighthearted, fun, and guaranteed to put a smile on your face and a wiggle in your toes. The question, however, is: say Pizzicato Five were signed to Madonna's Maverick label, or Sony, or whoever, would they get the same attention and hip-factor they get with Matador? Certain magazines, radio stations and record buyers have jumped onto the P5 bandwagon because of that simple factor. Not to downplay what they do, because they do it very well, but if they were just with a no-face major, the chances of them being just another kitsch dance band (remember DeeLite) would be considerably higher. It's an interesting point to think about next time you're about to plunk down your cash.

Recordings for Deviants

text by Johnson Cummins

Robert Mitchum *Calypso - Is Like So* Scamp records

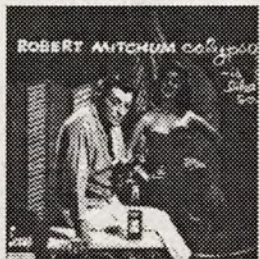
I think the cover says it all. Boppin' Bobby swilling out of a bottle of Jamaican rum with a floozy in tow. Before the age of safe sex and smoke-free vegetarian restaurants Robert Mitchum was blowing secondary smoke in the face of a dame lucky enough to take him home for the night. I mean c'mon, the guy co-starred in a movie called *Five Card Stud* (with his cohort in cool, Dean Martin).

In 1958 Robert Mitchum was the epitome of dangerous. Be it pissing on his producer's carpet or getting thrown in jail while filming *The Big Steal*. *Calypso - Is Like So* is probably what I would consider to be the peak of his danger. In 1956 we were treated to two number one debut records. An unknown trucker from Tupelo named Elvis Presley, and Harry Belafonte who released *Calypso*. Many teenagers were groovin' in rec rooms across the nation to the exotic sounds of this new found Calypso.

Robert, using his keen sense to make a buck, decided to hitch a ride on the successful Belafonte train. The one problem was that Robert was as white as they come and the closest he ever came to West Indian soil was through a bottle of Jamaican rum. Well, a couple of calypso albums and bottles of rum later, Robert was ready with his version of a Trinidadian accent and set out to get his piece of the pie.

Robert Mitchum's accent is so bad on this record, it's a miracle he's not wearing burnt cork on his face à la Al Jolson. This is probably one of the most racist records I've ever heard. Not even Skrewdriver could compete with it. After this album came out and the rebellious '60s unfolded, it became quite evident that Robert was losing his battle with the bottle and basically he faded out of the picture by the '70s.

I wonder if Harry Belafonte is enjoying his last laugh by starring in *White Man's Burden*? So pick up this screamer over the holidays along with Vanilla Ice and Snow and have your own white Christmas.



Revolt Revise React

text by Shane Smith

Meanwhile the Revolution followed its destined course. And the attitude of the outside world towards it gradually changed, the more it revealed its aspect as a grim, terrific force of nature, a new fanged monster, red of tooth and claw; when, after changing laws, it tampered with age-old customs...not content with wrecking the whole structure of the government, it proceeded to undermine the social order and seemed even to aim at dethroning God himself...

Alexis de Tocqueville

To dethrone god? Perhaps not. But to dethrone the godhead of the fucking sixties generation Yes! I will say it again. Yes!

The recent resurgence in the popularity of those geriatric fucks, Microsoft's finest, the Rolling Stones, and their even more pathetic counterparts the Beatles has given me a chronic projectile vomiting problem.

The same shitty bands have been topping the charts for 30 years, most of them don't even exist any more. Why? Why this madness? Well maybe it has something to do with the fact that 74.5 per cent of all disposable income is sucked up by a single 15 year age spread (40-55). This economic power translates into the staggering dominance of the baby boomers in most aspects of today's world.

68 per cent of all print media, 73 per cent of television media and 81 per cent of radio is programmed for, or directed at, the 40ish gluttons whose insatiable desires are quickly vacuuming everything into their stinking gullets, leaving in their wake a void. They have us in a cultural death grip, with their easy listening, new country, classic hits, Home Improvements and James Taylor box sets.

They borrow fantastic amounts of money and spend, spend, spend. So much, in fact, as to earn them first place as the most consumer-driven generation of all time. This leaves us in an economic crisis, scrambling to find jobs that exist only in the myopic visions of these, the hard working conflict babies born during that industrious period of bomb production and post-war economic colonialism.

Struggling through the '50s they became anti-war, stop-

Vietnam protestors, whose college educations were paid for by their parents working at the Boeing plants. Boeing, incidentally, along with many other arms

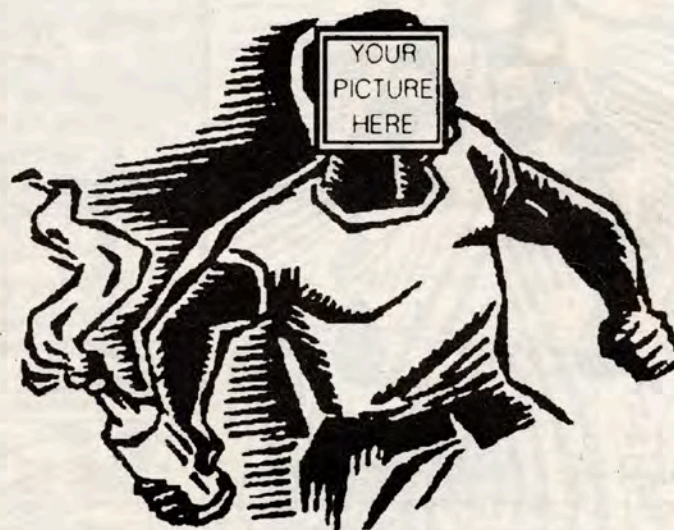
manufacturers, realized unprecedented profits during those lucrative years of America's 'police action.' We know all about that though, eh?

Vietnam wasn't so bad. Thanks to Oliver Stone assuaging the consciences of his peers, with his dick licking movies. These reactionary troglodytes 'peace and love' songs, shows, books, and movies fill me with enough bile to

their parents, then killed them. Well here we go again.

Now I'm not saying go out on a crazed murdering spree, I mean not unless you want to. But what I am saying is let's have a little fun shall we? And at the same time tap into some of that which others hold. Sell dope to those grey haired, Deadhead, pot smoking, hepsters and use the profits to start up pirate radio stations. There are 27 pirates in London alone, in all of Canada we only have one. Play your own music, what you like. Let's hear some dope shit on the radio, kick Garth Brook's motherfuckin' ass.

Steal from their stores, turn off those TV's, publish your own zine's, only pay cash, do not use credit cards, interact, or take loans. Do not use banks period. Evade paying tax, hack computer systems. Boycott is a lovely word. Get your friends together and stand outside a Kodak shop with deaths heads signs and watch their faces turn grey. Take over abandoned buildings, recycle them. Squats are massive, a place



cover all of Haight Ashbury with a lake of hot puke.

'Get back to the land, live with the earth,' soon changed to 'buy a Volvo,' and 'Freedom fifty-five.' They are more worried about their pensions than our oceans, lakes, and forests. Environmental destruction continues unabated. Now in power the boomers have turned their backs upon once sacred causes. At one time they tried to change the system that has now co-opted them into its greatest proponents.

Nothing new here though, generations have been going at it since time immemorial. They get old, tired and more conservative, and we get angrier and angrier at the piggish scarfing of those that bore us. First we turn our heads so as not to look at the ugliness, then enraged by their excess we lash out against them purifying, burning and cleaning out the stench of the flaccid bags of rancid flesh that rule our society. The epigraph of this article is about the French Revolution, Mother of all Revolutions. Over 200 years ago youth rose up said 'fuck you!' to

to create some madass shit. Jam spaces, alternative theatres and cinemas, free sleeping dorms, underground clubs and bars, if it ain't occupied it's yours, squat it.

For more information on setting up squats, pirates and pretty much everything else check out the Loompanics Catalogue (P.O. Box 1197 Port Townsend, WA, 98368, USA). If you want to generally stir up the shit, pick up an Anarchists Cookbook (P.O. Box 19862, San Francisco, 94117, USA), or Dial Terror (28 Marley Passage, Bristol, HW3128, Great Britain), both of which have handy information on how to pull down telephone wires without hurting yourself and making bombs with fertilizer. Would be air wave bandits should pick up F.M. Pirate (78 Rue de la Marine, Anvers, Belgium), a D.I.Y. on how to start up and maintain your very own radio station.

Remember every action is political, so smash the state and fuck a lot. People who don't fuck lose their minds. Fuck it, suck it, put it in, and don't take any shit from the man. OUT.

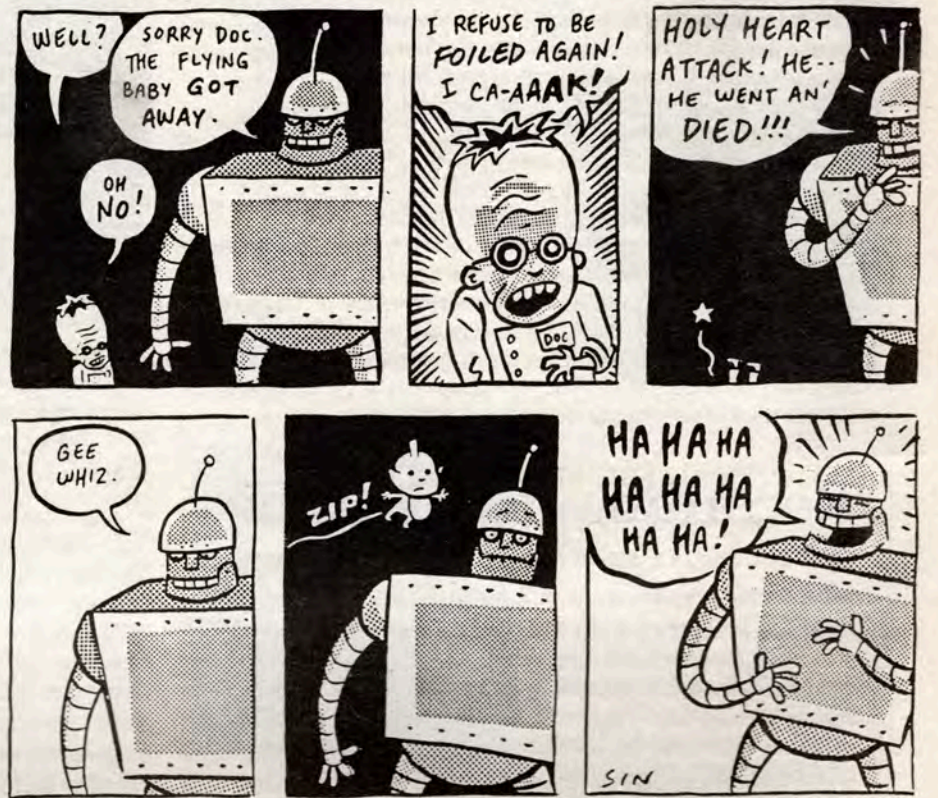


the SONNAMBULIST: Poète maudit

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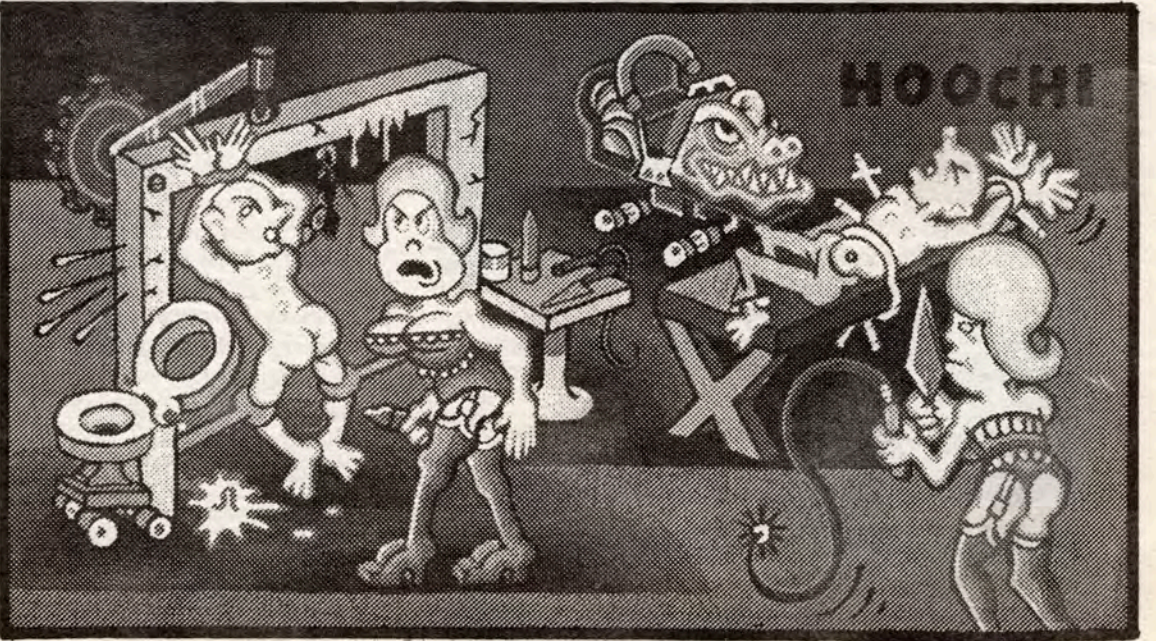


ODDVILLE!



RODNEY CHOMP

RODNEY WENT AND GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN BY THE SAME OBJECT OF OBJECTIONABLE DESIRE THAT HAS BEEN PERSUING HIM FOR THE LAST FEW STRIPS. THE QUESTION IS NOT HOW HE WILL GET OUT OF THIS ONE BUT WHETHER HE EVEN WANTS TO OR NOT...



The Guts of Joe Coleman art

interview by Johnson Cummins

Welcome to Joe Coleman's world, a place strewn with disease, freaks, and bullets shot at point blank range. Likened to a modern day Hieronymus Bosch, Joe Coleman paints from the outer parts of the mind most of us seldom travel.

True his paintings will probably clash with your living room ensemble, but he still manages to sell all his paintings at \$10,000 a pop, and if you want to get one you'll have to get in line behind the Guggenheim Museum. Thankfully, Joe's released two books for those of us incapable of taking the \$10,000 plunge. Cosmic Retribution and Man of Sorrows could be some of the most disturbingly honest work in the past 20 years.

"I'm not doing this for society or anyone in particular. I do this for myself. It's my way of understanding myself and my place in the universe. This is what I do for survival and to keep my sanity."—Joe Coleman

You seemed obsessed with catholicism in your childhood, which makes appearances in your current work. Could you elaborate?

C: As a child I definitely believed in catholicism. Of course as an

Albert Fish, Carl Panzram and Charles Manson?

C: Definitely, because to me they are kind of like modern day saints. I think they represent, or rather are, the embodiment of the extreme fears and rage of the society I live in. I find all of them very similar in the sense that they embody complete extremes in the same body. Charles Manson, for example, embodies the Christ and the anti-Christ in the same being and Albert Fish embodies both masochism and sadism, while Carl Panzram embodies the victim and the victimizer.

Is your painting a way of exorcizing your own personal demons?

C: I don't paint to make sure I help decorate someone's couch or wall paper. I paint the things I have problems digesting. For example, I can appreciate a good sunset or petting a dog but I have no urge to paint them. I find them beautiful onto themselves and there's no real reason to do it. I have a definite need to exorcize or control something.

A lot of your paintings seem to suggest an almost schizophrenic, obsessive-compulsive feel to them. Is this what you're trying to convey?

C: I'm not really trying to convey insanity, as I try to gain sanity

All of your work seems to be done in such painstaking detail and yet contains such rage. Do you have a hard time dealing with such rage and spending such a large amount of time on one piece.

I never really ever get angry but yet my pieces are full of rage. So there's obviously a direct correlation. When I get out my rage on



paper I tend to be very focused which makes it easy for me to paint with such care.

You seem to use a lot of symbols in your work, could you elaborate on where they originate from and what they mean?

They're all personal symbols for the most part, that have significance for me. A recurring symbol in my work would have to be a spiral symbol which represents the fortress of the intestines. The gut of art is really what I'm after. I think a lot of what modern artists are about is the sterilization of art. I find the fortress of the intestines to be my home base to which everything springs out of.

There seems to be a lot of umbilical cords in your paintings which suggests somewhat of a mother fixation. Would this be true?

I definitely have a mother fixation. I was very close to my mother. In fact, a little bit too close. I would say it was a borderline incestuous relationship. My father was an alcoholic, so my mother would depend on me for what my father was unable to provide. She was a very beautiful and glamorous woman, with intentions of becoming an actress. I have a painting called Mommy, Daddy that deals with my relationship with my mother.

You are also interested by performance art, could you describe this?

My performances usually involve exploding myself and biting the

heads off of live animals. I started off going into stranger's homes with a full arsenal of firecrackers hidden underneath my shirt and then lighting the fuse and leaving in the midst of the smoke and confusion before the cops show up. I like it in the sense that it materializes the tired cliché of walking time bomb. To me exploding myself is like a release.

Is the confrontation aspect of your performance a motivation for these pieces?

I really like the unpredictability of confrontation with the outside world. Whereas when I'm painting I'm isolated and alone. My performances are largely motivated by getting a reaction out of people and in painting I'm trying to dig down into myself.

Could you describe your high school reunion performance?

I appeared as this person who had died in a car accident five years previously. I had received information from friends who were actually ex-students of this high school. Since no one had seen each other in ten years we wore badges with our names on them to identify ourselves. I also wore scars on my face because the person I was masquerading as had died in a car accident. A few people recognized the name and had heard that the person had died in a car accident, so when I was questioned about the accident I would start screaming incoherently. It would disturb them to the point of apologizing to me and giving me special consideration throughout the night. When it ended it was kind of like what Carrie's high school prom was like. I detonated my explosives hidden under my shirt and while people were diving under the tables I left in the midst of all the smoke and confusion. When the cops showed up all of these peo-

ple told the police that the person that I was masquerading as had done it. And the best part was that he was dead.

There's a lot of overcrowding, anarchy and disease in your art. Does this stem from your own personal nightmares?

It's not so much nightmares as it is what I see around me. I think that in these times we live in, nature has become overburdened by mankind. Mankind is like a cancer on the planet, cities are like tumours. I have a lot of sexual deviation in my pieces. I think this helps nature's struggle because it is not embedded in procreative sex. I think nature wants us to divert our sexual energy elsewhere than reproduction. I think disease is good because it helps control the herd. I tend to look at things dispassionately as I find them necessary in these times. I wouldn't say it's a nightmare of mine but a nightmare of ours!



adult I began to see the contradiction that lay within. Be it violence is holy, or sex is an incredible sin. **Was it this violent background, embedded in catholicism, that contributes to your subject matter, such as convicted killers**

through my painting. Every little detail is preciously rendered and there will often be borders around the subject because I need to contain the fear and chaos within. To me I'm trying to make what's insane, sane.

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Girls Against Guns

text by *Genève Napier*

Six years ago Marc Lepine walked into the engineering department of the Université de Montreal armed with a rifle. He evicted all the men present and while screaming about how he hated feminists, he proceeded to go on a shooting

spree that left 14 young women dead, before finally turning the gun on himself.

It was the largest massacre in Canadian history and the obvious hatred towards women expressed in Lepine's act reverberated, not only across the city and the coun-

try, but across the continent.

Ever year since then we march on December 6th in memory of the young women who lost their lives on that night in 1989. But we march for more than their memory alone, we march in memory of all the women who have died at the hands of men. And we march so that the killing may stop.

In the last six years 317 women have been killed by men in Quebec, and countless others continue to live in fear. Remembering December 6th is about pledging to make a difference, to raise awareness, to mourn, and yes, to rage.

The Polytechnic massacre woke up a nation. It catapulted the issue of violence against women into the nation's consciousness. And it spurred people to make a real difference.

In the wake of the massacre the Coalition for Gun Control was born. Co-founded by Heidi Rathjen, an engineering student who escaped Lepine's rampage on that fateful night, the coalition has been bent on ensuring that the same thing will never happen again.

This year the coalition's endeavors have finally come to fruition, the gun control bill has finally passed. And although it

cannot assuage the pain the victim's families feel, it does mean that something came of those young women's deaths. It offers some solace.

But the war is far from over. As governments across the country are tightening their belts, programs aimed at helping women are sure to suffer. If December 6th is to mean anything, it has to mean more than remembering the dead. It has to mean making a difference to those who can still be helped.

The killings did a lot to wake people up about the violence women suffer. But we have to talk about where the real violence is perpetrated. We have to look at our institutions and start getting involved. That means more than just marching one day a year.

It means getting involved in shelters, rape crisis centres, work referral services, daycares, education, you name it. It means addressing the basic inequities in the system and raising our daughters and sons to do the same.

We should never forget what happened on December 6th 1989, but remembering, mourning and raging are for naught if it doesn't inform our actions the other 364 days a year.

Book Review

Review of *Virtual Equality: The Mainstreaming of Gay and Lesbian Liberation*

by *Urvashi Vaid*
Anchor Books

Urvashi Vaid is pissed off. The former director of the US-based National Gay and Lesbian Task Force has seen the direction the gay rights movement is taking, and she doesn't like it. In her new book, *Virtual Equality: The Mainstreaming of Gay and Lesbian Liberation*, she suggests the fight for gay rights has degenerated into an appeal for mainstream tolerance.

And Vaid isn't satisfied with the mainstream, she wants radical social change. "Gay and lesbian liberation," she writes, "seeks nothing less than...the acknowledgment that queer sexuality is morally equivalent to straight sexuality." The problem is, how do you persuade a movement to become radical if it has already been seduced by the mainstream?

Vaid penned *Virtual Equality* as if nothing has changed since Stonewall. Apparently gays and lesbians have come out of their individual closets only to be confined to the larger closet of the "gay ghetto."

Vaid admits upfront that this book is neither literary nor scholarly, but personal. Too bad it's not a bit more personal. Many of the chapters read like a list of every gay organization ever formed along with its pithy acronym.

If Vaid was aiming to write a history of the struggle for gay rights in America, she has certainly succeeded. If, like me, you are not endlessly fascinated by the ins and outs of partisan American politics, you'll find much of *Virtual Equality* less than riveting. If, however, you're a budding activist, this book is required reading.

—Alison McTavish

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The Road Warriors

text by Gavin McInnes

Too much da youth wipe da windscreen da windscreen

-Tiger (parapelegic, Jamaican dancehall star)

At eight in the morning 20-year-old Mathieu Brien and his teenage pals Harris, Kim and Sebastien, meet at the entrance of the business district to wash windows.

"I like to do it here," says Mathieu "because they've just come in from the suburbs and they should have to pay to see the city. It's like a toll." A toll, indeed, a way for the suburbanites to give a little back to the denizens of the

city

city where they earn their living.

Almost every day this past year, these Arctic punks put a bucket of washer fluid next to the red light, dip in their stolen

through his newly polished windshield and take action. Wipers are yelled at, ignored and even assaulted like the time Harris blew his top after being runover.

"Harris is too bummy/ crack-head and he freaks out too easy," says purpled haired Kim, who's dressed like a post-apocalyptic storm trooper. "When he got squished he started yelling and threatening the car and that's no good."

"The secret to making it is to kiss ass, especially with cops," explains Mathieu. "I ain't kissin' no ass," Harris interjects, rejecting the Zen wiper philosophy.

The 30 below weather takes its toll on windshield wipers and the pay doesn't seem to increase. Back in July, Mathieu would have four times as many co-workers and the pay was up to \$30 an hour, per person. The fumes

in about 10 cents a window. Canadians are not necessarily more generous. The pay is better here because wiping windows is relatively new. But have no fear, when Canadian cities resemble third world countries like New York, the wages will plummet and these Mad Max entrepreneurs will have to find a new vocation.

"I'll probably stop after New

Years when it get's colder," says Mathieu "and then start up again in the spring. I don't want to do it forever but for now it's a great way to make money."

Mathieu Brien is currently awaiting sentencing for vandalism (graffiti) and will probably end up with a few months community service. Harris has developed an obsession with talking to homeless people and intends to wipe wind-screens throughout the year.



photo: Gavin McInnes

squeegees and begin wiping the shit off of rich people's windscreens to make money despite the obvious dangers.

"We don't get stoned when we squeegee because you have to be alert and keep moving," explains Mathieu. "It's like that game Frogger. Remember that game?"

The group represents the ever increasing number of youth forced to eek out a living off the city's filth. Unfortunately, these suburban drivers rarely recognize the irony that their Range Rover culture is skimming off the future of the squeegee generation.

Occasionally a young executive will be disgusted with the grimy "No Future" face that appears

seemed a lot worse, but after a few hours they had enough money to score some pot, buy a record and go see a show.

The winter's measly wage barely leaves them with enough money to buy a can of spray paint but \$15 an hour is still twice as much as minimum wage, which is big money in a city with no jobs. As Mathieu explains, "It's a real bummer in the winter because you make a lot less money, but we're hoping Christmas is going to be a lot better."

Cities like Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver pay much more than historically popular wiper towns like Kingston, Jamaica where the average washer will pull

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Scottish Mars Bar Supper

text by Felt Garment

Voice reporter Felt Garment spent two years researching Scotland's eating habits and came back nauseous but intrigued. They deep fry everything but beer. The colossal example of this greasy hedonism is the ever popular deep fried Mars Bar.

Contrary to popular opinion the Scottish diet doesn't begin and end with the legendary haggis (sheep stomach), which is now available in vegetarian form. If you think eating haggis is an adventure you're sadly mistaken for there are greater thrills lurking at the corner chip shop.

Diet and danger go hand to mouth, according to mother.

When coffee was linked to pancreatic cancer mother started drinking plain boiled water. When aluminum pots were linked to Alzheimer's disease the phone rang and mom urged me to switch to stainless steel. But of all the digestible dangers in the world mother has expressly warned me about the hazards of the deep fryer, perhaps the most insidious of all restaurant appliances.

Deep fried things smell better, taste better, and feel better when they slide down your gullet. Try passing a deep fryer at 2am when you've got a few in you and your guard is down — it's near impossible to avoid sacrificing your bus fare home for a few moments of fleeting and damning culinary pleasure. The deep fryer is temp-

tation, the deep fryer is your master, the deep fryer is the lava pit of hell.

When ordering a pizza at your



local Scottish take-away shop you might get asked "is that oven baked?" Suddenly you realize that you're being given an option that you've never had before. Oven baked as opposed to what? As opposed to deep-fried, of course.

If you've got one of those damned if I do, damned if I don't attitudes then deep fried pizza is the thing for you. Might as well be shot as a sheep than a lamb.

Once, on my way home on a typically dreary Glasgow day, I stopped in at the corner chippie to guiltily order a beefburger. When the woman behind the counter lobbed some foreign, batter-coated object into the sizzling cauldron I reminded her that it was a beefburger that I'd ordered. "Aye," she replied, "and that's what you're getting." As the extent

was developed by a woman experimenting at her chip shop in the south of Scotland. Nothing had prepared me for the Mars bar supper, a bizarre twist on an otherwise standard theme.

The Mars bar supper consists of fish & chips topped off with a Mars bar, lovingly coated in batter and deep-fried. The item became a hit and there are now copycat suppers popping up like acne all over the place. Yorkie bar suppers, Twix suppers, Cadbury flake suppers the list goes on. I now know what I must do.

of my ignorance set in, I realized I was about to waltz down a new path of self-destruction.

While preparing to head back to Canada, having survived the pizza and the beefburger, I was informed of a new delicacy that

Mother be damned, the dark side is calling.

The advent of the Mars Bar supper has Scottish papers in a mad frenzy (they can't believe themselves) and has Felt buying a ticket to go back because he "can't stand all this bloody Canadian health food."

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When it Comes to Sex We're All Pigs

Suzie Who watches animals from all over the world copulate and realized similar things are happening in her hometown.

text by Suzie Who

Humans, unlike dogs, shouldn't sniff each other's butts in public. Most people accept this and realize it's best to stifle any urges one may have to stick one's nose up a stranger's ass before being officially introduced. It is also considered quite gauche for a homosapien female to kill and eat her partner immediately after sex (or at any other time of the day for that matter) though countless species of arachnids (that's spiders and scorpions for the biologically retarded) do it all the time.

These rules may seem terribly unfair (and there's not a whole hell of a lot we can do about them) but close inspection of our mating grounds across the country reveals that our social and sexual habits also bear many similarities to those of our insect, mammal and fowl friends, and they can do whatever they want.

It is almost always the female who has her pick of males and courtship tends to take place during

sex

the evening hours. At this time everyone flocks to the mating ground of their choice. Different species, as we all know, prefer to stick with their own kind and don't usually interact with one another.

You should know which animals' behaviour patterns you best identify with as you may be regarded as persona non grata if you venture into the wrong territory. Human females are especially unwelcoming if you are not their kind (sound familiar ladies? Don't lie. You know you're bitches). It is due to this that one can choose from different types of mating grounds.

In some species of cockroaches the male does push-ups and flexes his biceps to work the female into a state of sexual frenzy. If he can't find an open gym in

his neighborhood, the swaggering studmuffin should probably head to one of those cheesy clubs where the doormen have bad attitudes and more gel than hair and everyone has fake tans. In Montreal anywhere on Crescent street will do. In Ottawa, Jo Bloze seems to fit the bill. You get the idea.

The human equivalent of his muscle lovin' honey is, unfortunately, not as lucky as her insect counterpart since the male cockroach is equipped with multiple, hookshaped penises and most homosapien males are not. But, inadequate though you may be, don't you bodybuilders let this get you down. I'm sure your penis is just fine, unless the effects of the steroids are irreversible.

If you're saying to yourself "That doesn't sound like me at all," don't despair. Maybe you're a musk duck. This fellow, also known as "the stinking bird" has a rather ugly sack of skin under his bill and to attract a female he sends out a fountain of spray that smells for two meters all around him. CK One or Fahrenheit perhaps? To find your pals just follow your nose; it always knows.

A species of antelope known as the kob enjoys a totally lax (underground and way too cool) approach to courtship. In Vancouver, where they enjoy a lax approach to everything, you'd find the kob at the Cambie hotel, in Toronto at Sneaky Dee's, and in Montreal at the Bifteck St. Laurent (that means beef steak, by the way).

When the female kob approaches the buck he affects a cool and disinterested stance, as does the female who pretends to graze on cropped grass (or drink her piss-warm, locally brewed, draft). Eventually the buck tires of the game and moves in for the kill. If, when he tries to mount her, she



wiggles out of his embrace and walks off, he simply forgets he ever laid eyes on her and patiently awaits the arrival of another female. Usually he has too much draft and goes home either by himself or with an equally desperate and unattractive female.

You may be less into the drink and more into the ecstasy trip. In that case keep an eye out for frogs and toads the next time you're at a rave. These amphibians are extremely horny, but not very bright. It's not uncommon to see male frogs attempting to copulate with inanimate objects (chairs, tables, speakers...) or other males, and sodomy often occurs. They aren't gay, they're just too stupid (stoned) to know the difference.

Real homosexual behaviour, however, has been witnessed among house mice, bats, bottlenosed dolphins, monkeys, elephants, slugs and a few other species. So anyone who says it's not natural can fuck off.

Some monkeys and rodents also do the dyke thing, but whether it's every male guinea pigs' fantasy to watch two sows go down on each other remains a mystery.

As for those who insist that sex between more than two partners goes against the laws of nature, allow me to speak on behalf of the pacific tree frogs, the callicebus monkeys and all the other orgy throwers who are very upset by such narrow-minded views. They all enjoy group sex on a regular basis and encourage you to do the same. "Pop!" Sorry about your bubble.

Spiders give love offerings of insects wrapped in silk. Tarantulas dance. Dolphins masturbate and almost everybody has some sort of mating call or song. Every woman, after all, loves a musician with no cash.

So maybe you could get away with greeting your next perspective partner by nosing around their genital area. Just tell them you're trying to relate to your inner animal. Grrrrrrr!



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Backshelf Scavenge

-text by Michael Will

In my last column I mentioned that *Diary of a Mad Housewife* (1970) hasn't dated in all its decades, which, considering its ancient pop culture trappings (Alice Cooper at a happening, for god sakes), was one of my dumber opinions of the passing moment. What should've been said is how effectively it's aged.

Predating Woody Allen's overpraised trifles, *Diary's* a far more scathing look at upper Manhattan angst, delivering ten times the laughs and rightly assumes that pampered neurotics and their insignificant problems are worthy of nothing but ridicule. Entertainment at its least nice, all *Diary* asks of the viewer is to sit back and enjoy the misfortunes its characters so richly deserve. One of the guiltiest pleasures of this sort is 1963's *Lady in a*

Cage. Monstrously violent even by today's standards (and rumour has it that it's still banned in Britain), its script is so fiercely misanthropic while achingly

video

sincere that it takes on the high hilarity of bad performance art.

The contrivance-fueled plot involves a convenience elevator that's turned into a gibbet cage for rich widow Olivia de Havilland when a power outage strands her between floors in her luxurious mansion. From this vantage point she watches the urban decay of the surrounding neighbourhood come pouring in, laying waste to her "oasis of culture."

This commences with a slobbering wino (Jeff Corey) and an aging prostitute (Ann Sothern) who break in to merely loot the place, but are soon followed by three fun-loving psychos (James Caan in his Brandoish debut, Jennifer Billingsly and the forgettable Raphael Campos) whose collective ambition is to die in the electric chair. They bring the mayhem to a fever pitch, with roughy sex games and random vandalism, leading to a brilliantly choreographed murder sequence (way ahead of its time).

All this is orchestrated by the class-hostile Caan whose war of nerves with de Havilland becomes the central theme, and never is

this more merciless than when he taunts her with her gay son's suicide note. De Havilland, to her credit, plays fair by killing the viewer's sympathy with the pivotal remark, "I know you! You're one of those bits of offal cast up by the welfare state. You're where so many of my tax dollars go for the care and feeding."

This, she feels, is an epiphany and it sums up her character in more ways than one. She's an uppercrust dilettante who fancies herself artistic, and actually narrates much of the proceedings with her ghastly poetry. Even after the supposed devastation of

being blamed for her son's death ("I'm a monster!" she marvels, and the audience heartily agrees) she still regards herself as the principle player in a great metaphorical drama.

Arming herself for the final bloody showdown (and we're talking about a horrid King Lear borrowing, plus someone's head getting squashed) she manages to self-disparagingly quip, with all the witlessness of a true pseudo-sophisticate, "Stone Age, here I come!" Christ but she's pretentious and by falling into rank with everyone else in terms of loathsomeness she elevates *Lady in a Cage* from ordinary suspense thriller to the great piece of macabre slapstick it is.

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The Straights Can't Take it

Amethyst Tuesdays
at La Huerta 1355 St.
Catherine St. East Montreal.

Prominent Montreal gay bar La Huerta is having "cultural art" shows on the last Tuesday of each month in an attempt to pull in some of the straight crowd. The Voice was there to check out their first night and left stunned.

November 28th's poetry reading went from bad to beautiful, with everything from transvestites to nude panic attacks. Producers Salman Hussein and Atif put the event together but seemed powerless as it flew over their heads in a mad homosexual frenzy.

An embarrassed, poof poet named Barry performed a terrible piece that looked like an overweight Hamlet crying for help, but in goth.

Just when you thought Montreal's spoken word was the world's worst Jake came out and recounted the Greek fable of Narcissus, dressed in a big blanket. The crowd was stunned when he took off all his clothes and told the same story with his father as Zeus and himself as Narcissus. "Fuck Off Dad!" he yelled, as his less than magnificent penis bounced between his big hairy legs. Finally a poet with balls.

Aatif, the waif-like, East Indian cross dresser looked like a redneck's worst nightmare as he pranced

around to his own music and recited poetry. Aatif's subtle, sexy charm looked like an Eartha Kitt version of Benazir Bhutto.

Fag transvestite designer, Luko, presented the most over the top camp fashions ever seen; forcing the 20-something crowd to go completely potty. Queens swanned about in acetate, plastic, chain mail, Black Label bottle caps; everything but a pair of pants.

The night was a complete success, despite only pulling in about five straights. Maybe the two cultures will collide next month but I doubt it. Could normal people handle this?

—Jacques Boisvenue



Ville de Montréal



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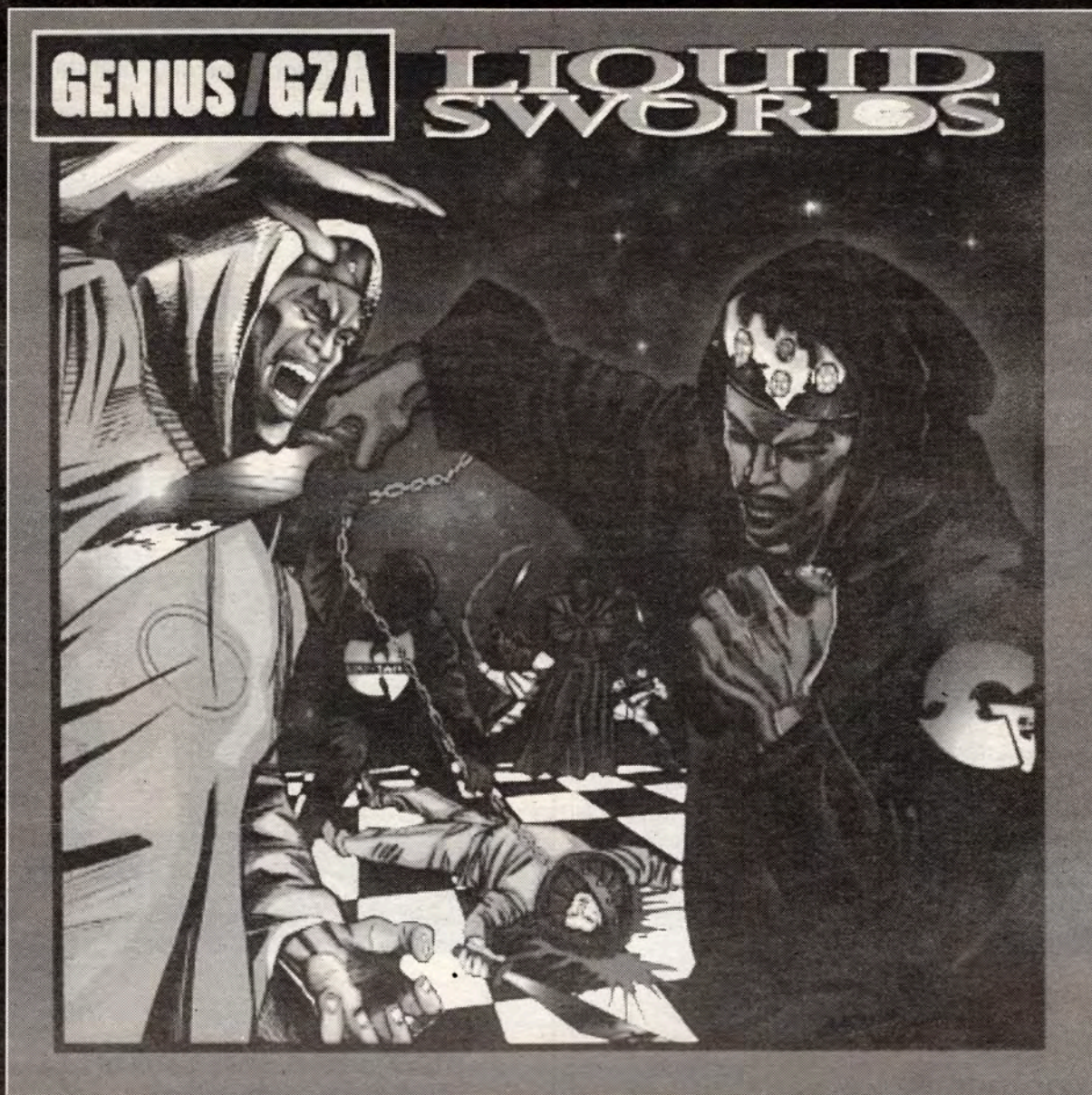
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